




HAVER- FORD COLLEGE

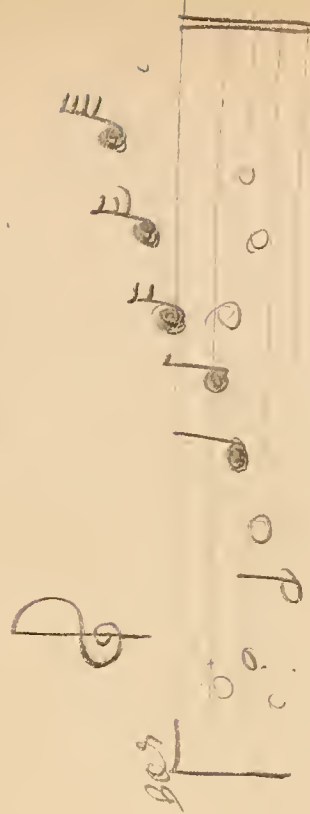
SONG
BOOK





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HAVERFORD COLLEGE SONG BOOK

EDITED BY

ELLIOT FIELD,
RALPH MELLOR,
C. LINN SEILER.



HINDS & NOBLE, PUBLISHERS
31, 33, 35 WEST 15TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

TO THE
GLEE CLUB, UNDERGRADUATES,
AND ALL WHO
WILL SING THESE SONGS.

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DEDICATORY.

Wake, wake, my soul, sing thou the story
Of Haverford, wrapped in the glory
Of learning true, ancient and hoary, —
Till none can dare dispute us, —
“Non doctior, sed meliore doctrina imbutus.”

Sing of our sires, to whom was granted
Wisdom to know how well they planted
That which has grown, beauteous, enchanted,
And which doth institute us
“Non doctior, sed meliore doctrina imbutus.”

Sing Haverford, watchful,
Sing Haverford, ever aspiring,
She leads us on, each spirit firing, —
Till none can dare dispute us, —
“Non doctior, sed meliore doctrina imbutus.”

Sing to the Lord, God of Sabbath, —
Who changeth not, neither betrayeth, —
Who guideth us, and to us saith,
That He doth institute us
“Non doctior, sed meliore doctrina imbutus.”

HOWELL S. ENGLAND, '88.

PREFACE.

THE *raison d'être* of the Haverford College Song Book is briefly: the existence of certain material, and a desire to foster the growth of the musical spirit by putting into permanent form the best of this material that is available. In recognition of this long-felt need, and in response to an ever growing demand, the Committee has endeavored to produce a book that will embody, as far as possible, the spirit, life, and traditions of Haverford. In this work they have been very much hampered by the non-existence of any form or semblance of a collection of Haverford music, so that it will be impossible to avoid the criticism that such-and-such good songs *might* have been included. The Committee relies on the Alumni and friends of the College to bring to their notice any good material that may seem to have been overlooked in this collection, so that a second edition may be, if it is deemed desirable, even more representative of the past.

Two departments are a decided innovation: one containing the Gems from College operas, and the other the class songs. The purpose of the former is to place in the hands of the student body music that was known and enjoyed by them during their College course. These selections will be of interest also to many who have not been able to keep in close touch with the activities of the College. Their place in subsequent editions of the song book will be determined by the reception accorded them in this edition. The same may be said of the class songs. While each separate song in this latter department may appeal to a selected few only, yet the aggregate will interest a large number of the Alumni, and make the entire collection of greater personal value to each Haverfordian. It is a matter of regret that so few songs of the past have been secured, but it is hoped that this summary will bring to light others that have been overlooked in this compilation.

The best and most frequently sung general College Songs are included in the collection, new male quartette arrangements having been made for a number of the old songs. The Committee desires to thank all those who have aided them in the preparation of this work, special thanks being due to Dr. William Rush Dunton, '89, W. Nelson L. West, '92, A. F. Coca, '96, J. Howard Redfield, '99, and D. B. Miller, '03, as well as to David Bispham, '76, for his Foreword.

COMMITTEE	{	ELLIOT FIELD, '97.
		C. LINN SEILER, '02.
		RALPH MELLOR, '99, CHAIRMAN.

FOREWORD.

IT gives me the greatest pleasure to contribute a Foreword to the Haverford Song Book which you have so ably edited. I consider the mere existence of such a volume indicative of an enormous advance in the true and intimate life of our Alma Mater.

When, as in the present instance, so much care has been taken to collect songs, many of which are as fine as any melodies that ever rolled from the mouth of young manhood, and not only to adapt to other well-known tunes a number of highly distinctive and original lyrics, but to include such an interesting and varied selection of entirely new matter, written and composed by Haverfordians, it is borne in upon me that the horizon is widening so amazingly that I look back, as in a dream, to the days when my zither and I were banished in melancholy tunefulness from the College precincts and sought sanctuary, for daily practice, in the Haverford Railway Station!

But what is this? "Selections from the Haverford Operettas?"

Can it be that the once secretly prepared minstrel-show — ah! how I live over again the delicious excitement of those midnights down in the old kitchen of Founders Hall! — was the forerunner of a series of publicly performed Operettas?

Bless me! And bless Haverford!

So much the better!

But stranger than all does it seem that I, the Quaker youth, who in 1876 thanked his lucky stars that he managed to take his degree at all, and, as he fondly thought, bade farewell forever to examinations, should find himself passing the strenuous life of his mature choice in undergoing far more searching examinations than he had ever imagined, at the hands of the musical public.

The fact that I am pursuing the career of a singer, and that Haverford College is fathering a Song Book, only shows that there is inherent in our human nature, irrespective of and in spite of the dictates of any sect or passing mode of thought, an underlying and all-pervading instinct which impels those so minded and so gifted to burst forth into song as the bird flies, to express in music a real emotion, to voice an actual need, which should by no means be resisted, but, on the contrary, carefully fostered and guided.

FOREWORD.

So farewell to the old régime and the ancient ban ; yet who knows how much good the process of repression may not have done us all, somewhere deep down in our Anglo-Saxon hearts !

Let us have it so ! Good let it be !

And now that the Haverford Glee Club may prosper, and that this volume, with which I feel it an honor to be in any way connected, may be the means of still further raising the musical taste of those who have Haverford's best interests at heart, is the earnest wish of

David Scull Bispham.

APRIL 11, 1903.

CONTENTS.

HAVERFORD SONGS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Alma Mater	7	It's a Right Little, Tight Little College (second air)	6
Alumni Song	49	It's the Way We Have at Old College	27
Arbor Day Song	21	Let Old Barclay Ring It	12
Arms and the Man	4	One Day	27
Bowl, Ye Bowlers, Bowl	36	On the Pike	34
Breakfast	25	Quadrangle Song	28
Chant	25	Scarlet and the Black (The)	13
Comrades	22	Senior Song	3
Evening Song	24	Skating Song	10
Everett Song	33	Song of the Shopites	14
Fields of Haverford (The)	18	Sophomore Howl	17
Football Song	8	There's Trouble in the Air	34
For Haverford	1	Tragedy (A)	31
H-A-V-E-R-F-O-R-D	31	Vive La Haverford	9
Haverford Medley	38	We can Play-O	65
Haverford We Sing Forever	26	Where, O Where	29
Here's to Good Old College	35	Winter and Summer	12
Howe'er Our Fathers	2	Wooden Spoon (The)	20
It's a Right Little, Tight Little College	5		

GENERAL SONGS.

America	76	Nut Brown Maiden	75
Annie Laurie	30	Old Black Joe	69
Bull-Dog (The)	66	Old College Chum	50
Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes	57	Old Oaken Bucket (The)	71
Ecce Quam Bonum	21	Over the Banister	51
Forsaken	63	Prof. (The)	55
Good-night, Ladies	50	Romeo and Juliet	46
Hark! I Hear a Voice	68	Rosalie	53
How I Have Loved Thee	47	Soldier's Farewell	45
I Arise from Dreams of Thee	43	Stars of the Summer Night	52
Jingle, Bells	64	Sucking Cider Through a Straw	62
Juanita	67	Swanee River	74
Lauriger Horatius	62	Sweet and Low	54
Levee Song	72	Tarpaulin Jacket	42
Long Live Our College	32	Three Little Kittens	29
Massa's in de Cold Ground	70	Two Roses (The)	76
My Bonnie	59	University Hymn (A)	48
My Last Cigar	56	Upidee	58
My Old Kentucky Home	60	Upon the College Campus	32
Nelly Was a Lady	44	Vacant Stare (The)	30
		When First I Kissed Sweet Margaret	33

GEMS FROM COLLEGE OPERAS.

Cricket Chorus (The)	79	Haverford Girl (The)	89
Fairy Tales	85	Old Founder's Bell	91
Girl of My Dreams (The)	82	Professor J. Eliakim Henry Walker	95

CLASS SONGS.

'70	101	'97	103
'88	101	1900	104
'89	102	1902	106
'90	103	1903	107
'92	103	1904	108
'96	103	1905	111

SONGS OF HAVERFORD.

FOR HAVERFORD.

Words and music by C. Linn Seiler, '02.

With a good swing.

1. Come gath - er round and join with us in song, Let mel - o - dy be now our part To
2. As forth we go from these dear col - lege walls, These hap - py scenes we'll leave be - hind; But

show to oth - ers how our love is strong And will re - main till life de - part, For Hav - erford the dear - est
e'er thro' life whenev - er du - ty calls We'll turn to mem'ries al - ways kind, Of Al - ma Ma - ter and her

name we know, That thro' these four bright college years Has been a name to make us come and go, A
ten - der care, That made us men this world to face, That gave us minds with which to do and dare, And

name that's mag - ic to our ears. For Hav - erford! For Hav - erford! Our minds and hearts are
hearts at - tuned al - ways in praise.

one; We'll stand to - geth - er, lads, for Hav - erford Till all the sands of life are run.

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HOWE'ER OUR FATHERS.

Words by Roy Wilson White, P. G., '95.

Music by A. F. Coca, '96.

1. How-e'er our fathers may have loved The quiet drab and gray,
 2. We delve far down in classic lore, Seize fast the function—p
 3. In skill of mus-cle as of brain We're well up at the head,
 4. Then sing this place we know so well, And praise while yet we may

The col - ors that our hearts ap-prove
 Read sci-ence, eth - ics, pol. e - con.,
 In crick-et games the oth - er men
 That dear old ma-ter to whose cause

Are far more bright and gay. Our col-lege fills us so with pride That so-ber-ness we lack,
 "Dutch," French, and histo - ree. The gos - pels all we un - der-stand In an-cient Syr - i - ac,
 Have ver - y rare - ly led. Wheu comes the year-ly match we'll see A - gain the breeze float back
 Our hearts beat true to - day. And whate'er sta-tion we may reach A - down life's shining track,

While we on high her glo-ries fly, In Scarlet and in Black.
 For what we know we've learned below The Scarlet and the Black.
 O'er Red and Blue, and Crim-son too, The Scarlet and the Black.
 Enshrined will be in mem-o - ry The Scarlet and the (Omit.) Black.

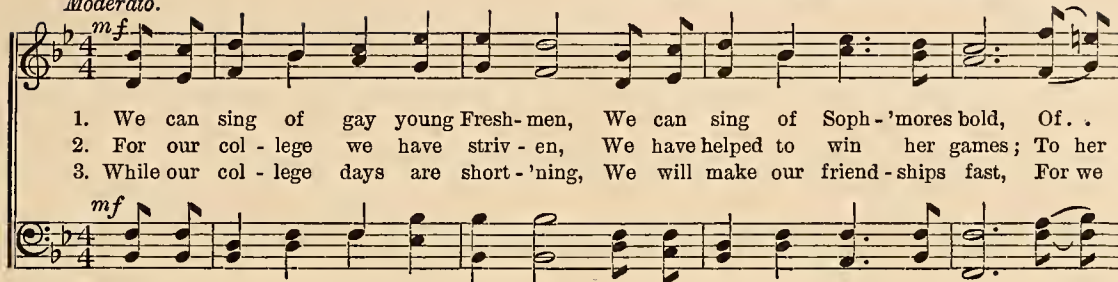
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SENIOR SONG.

Words and music by Elliot Field, '97.

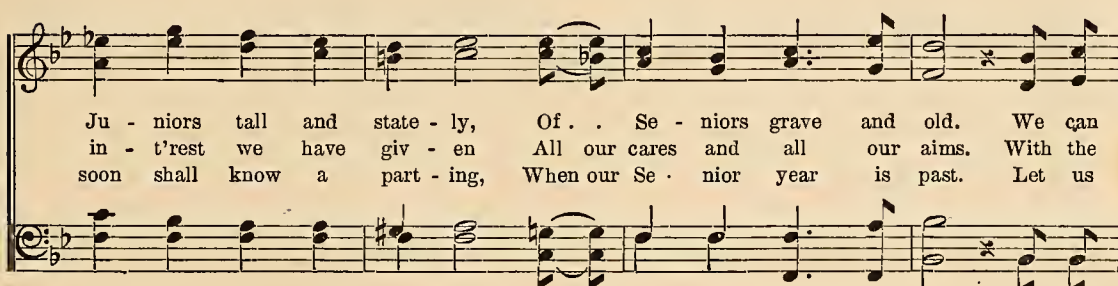
Moderato.

mf



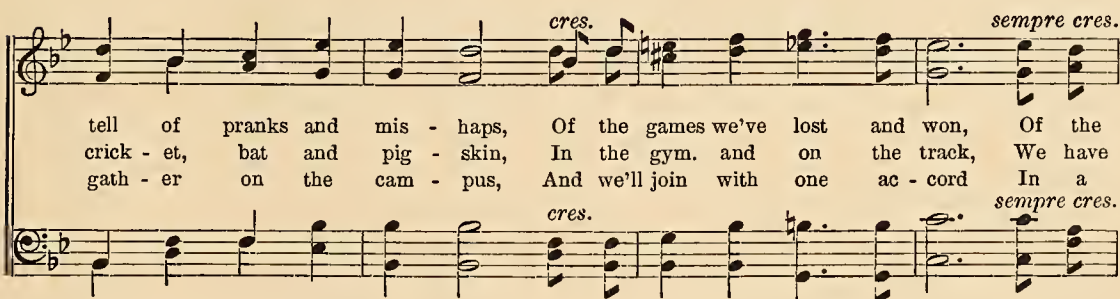
1. We can sing of gay young Fresh-men, We can sing of Soph-'mores bold, Of . .
 2. For our col - lege we have striv - en, We have helped to win her games; To her
 3. While our col - lege days are short-'ning, We will make our friend - ships fast, For we

mf



Ju - niors tall and state - ly, Of . . Se - niors grave and old. We can
 in - t'rest we have giv - en All our cares and all our aims. With the
 soon shall know a part - ing, When our Se - nior year is past. Let us

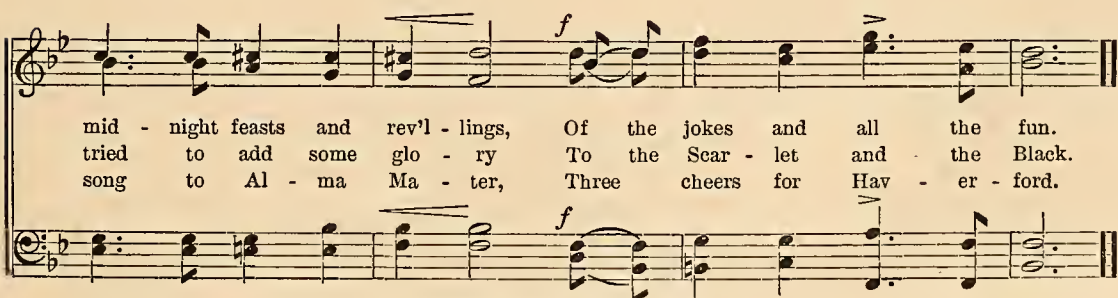
cres. *sempre cres.*



tell of pranks and mis - haps, Of the games we've lost and won, Of the
 crick - et, bat and pig - skin, In the gym. and on the track, We have
 gath - er on the cam - pus, And we'll join with one ac - cord In a

cres. *sempre cres.*

f



mid - night feasts and rev'l - lings, Of the jokes and all the fun.
 tried to add some glo - ry To the Scar - let and the Black.
 song to Al - ma Ma - ter, Three cheers for Hav - er - ford.

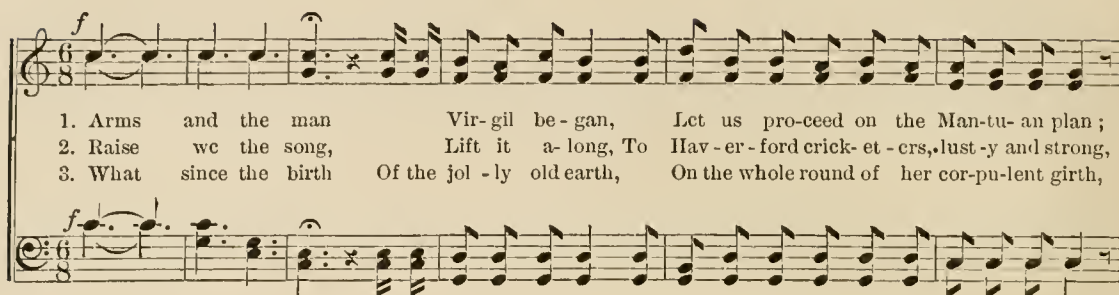
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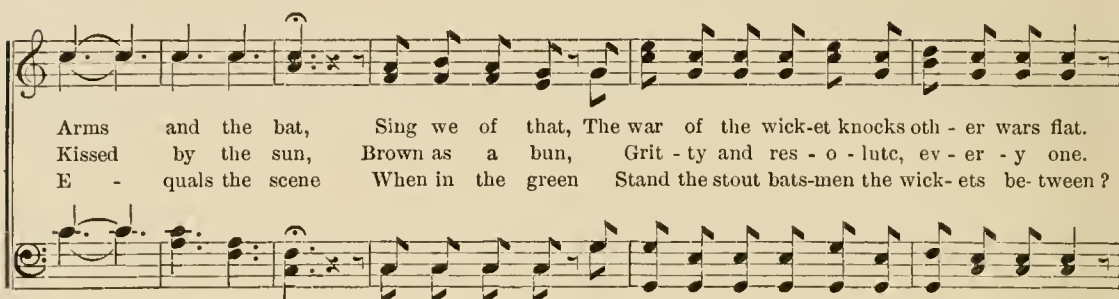
ARMS AND THE MAN.

Words by Joseph W. Parrish, '63.

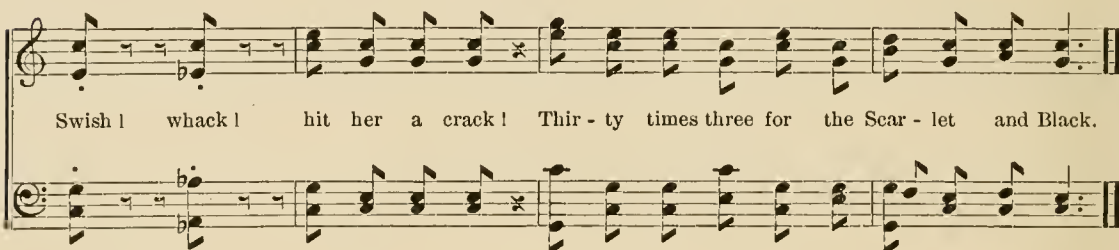
Music by E. W. Brown.



1. Arms and the man Vir-gil be-gan, Let us pro-ceed on the Man-tu-an plan ;
 2. Raise we the song, Lift it a-long, To Hav-er-ford crick-et-ers, lust-y and strong,
 3. What since the birth Of the jol-ly old earth, On the whole round of her cor-pu-lent girth,



Arms and the bat, Sing we of that, The war of the wick-et knocks oth-er wars flat.
 Kissed by the sun, Brown as a bun, Grit-ty and res-o-lute, ev-er-y one.
 E-quals the scene When in the green Stand the stout bats-men the wick-ets be-tween ?



Swish ! whack ! hit her a crack ! Thir-ty times three for the Scar-let and Black.

4 Slightly to see,
 Rapid and free,
 The song of the wood of the staunch willow tree.
 Joyous to hear,
 Falls on the ear,
 The whiz of the ball and the answering cheer.
 Swish ! whack ! hit her a crack !
 Thirty times three for the Scarlet and Black.

5 Out flies the stump,
 Out — with a jump —
 Jove ! it is Cromwell dissolving the Rump !
 Down goes the sun,
 Last man but one —
 He's a Haverford boy, and the game's just begun.
 Swish ! whack ! hit her a crack !
 Thirty times three for the Scarlet and Black.

6 Stand to it, boys,
 (Bother their noise)
 The cricketer knows the quintessence of joys.
 Pile up the score,
 Always one more, —
 The heart of the Mother throbs clean to the core.
 Swish ! whack ! hit her a crack !
 Thirty times three for the Scarlet and Black.

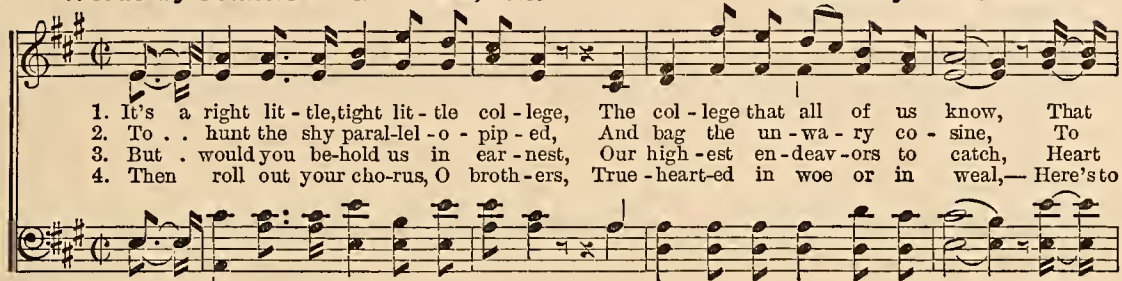
7 Oh, let us praise
 Glorious days.
 See our brows crowned with victorious bays !
 Who else can be
 Gladder than we, —
 Scarlet and Black in the foremost to sec ?
 Swish ! whack ! hit her a crack !
 Thirty times three for the Scarlet and Black.

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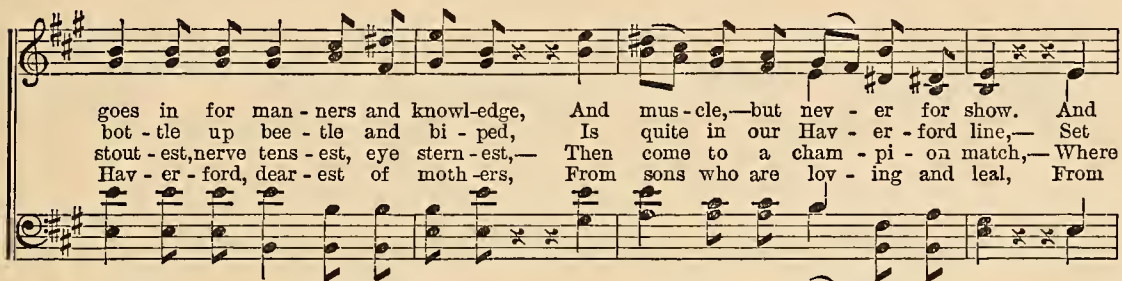
IT'S A RIGHT LITTLE, TIGHT LITTLE COLLEGE.

Words by Francis B. Gummere, '72.

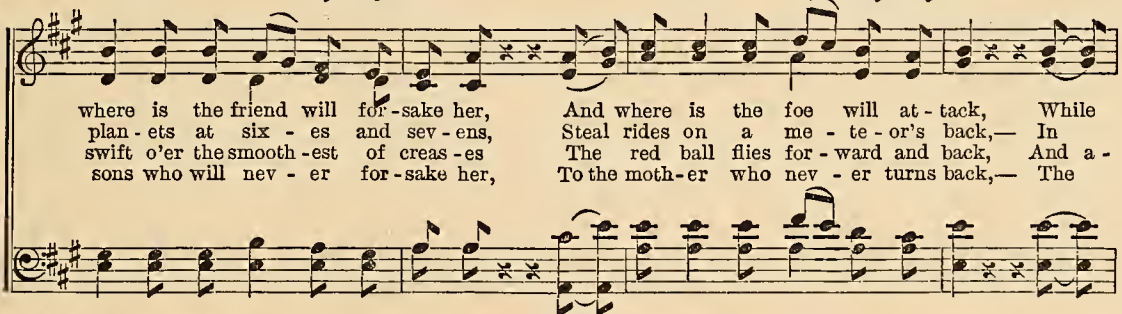
Music by D. T. Shaw.



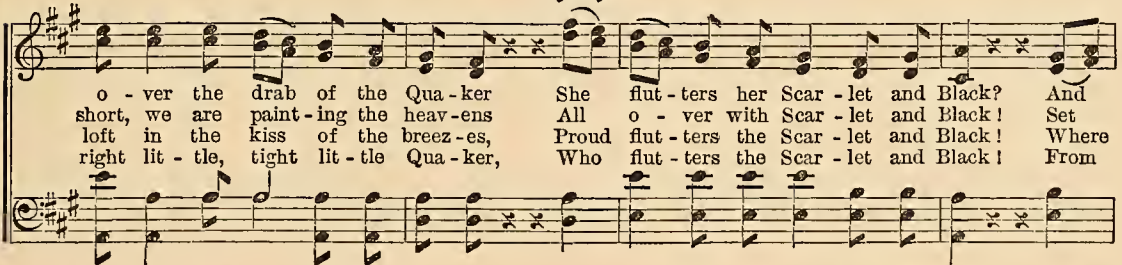
1. It's a right lit-tle, tight lit-tle col-lege, The col-lege that all of us know, That
 2. To . . hunt the shy paral-lel-o - pip-ed, And bag the un-wa-ry co-sine, To
 3. But . would you be-hold us in ear-nest, Our high-est en-deav-ors to catch, Heart
 4. Then roll out your cho-rus, O broth-ers, True-heart-ed in woe or in weal,— Here's to



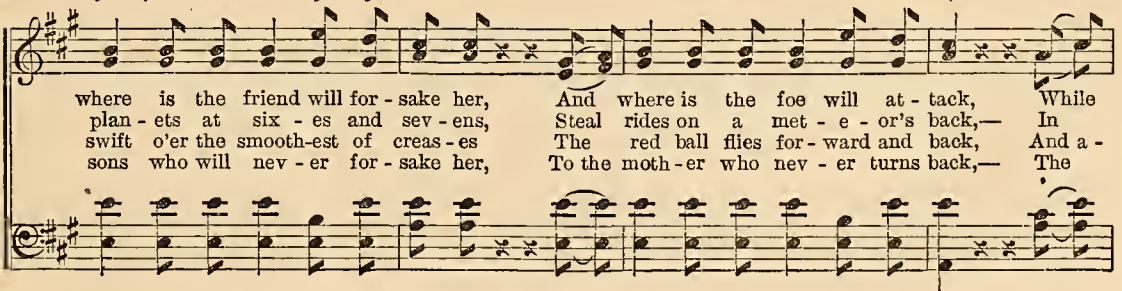
goes in for man-ners and knowl-edge, And mus-cle,—but nev-er for show. And
 bot-tle up bee-tle and bi-ped, Is quite in our Hav-er-ford line,— Set
 stout-est, nerve tens-est, eye stern-est,— Then come to a cham-pi-on match,— Where
 Hav-er-ford, dear-est of moth-ers, From sons who are lov-ing and leal, From



where is the friend will for-sake her, And where is the foe will at-tack, While
 plan-ets at six-es and sev-ens, Steal rides on a me-te-or's back,— In
 swift o'er the smooth-est of creas-es, The red ball flies for-ward and back, And a -
 sons who will nev-er for-sake her, To the moth-er who nev-er turns back,— The

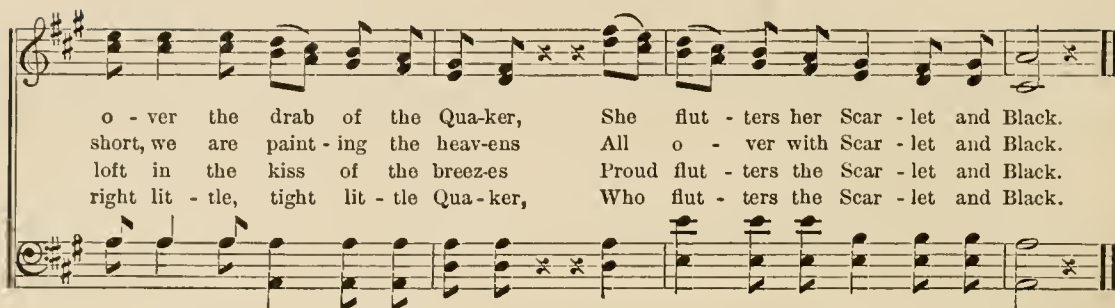


o-ver the drab of the Qua-ker She flut-ters her Scar-let and Black? And
 short, we are paint-ing the heav-ens All o-ver with Scar-let and Black! Set
 loft in the kiss of the breez-es, Proud flut-ters the Scar-let and Black! Where
 right lit-tle, tight lit-tle Qua-ker, Who flut-ters the Scar-let and Black! From



where is the friend will for-sake her, And where is the foe will at-tack, While
 plan-ets at six-es and sev-ens, Steal rides on a met-e-or's back,— In
 swift o'er the smooth-est of creas-es, The red ball flies for-ward and back, And a -
 sons who will nev-er for-sake her, To the moth-er who nev-er turns back,— The

IT'S A RIGHT LITTLE, TIGHT LITTLE COLLEGE.

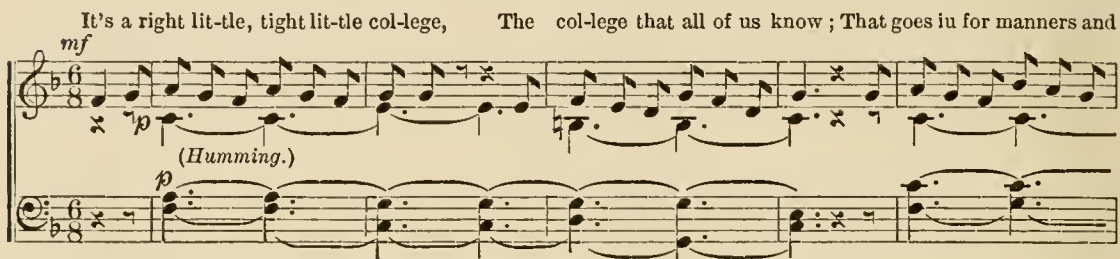


o - ver the drab of the Qua-ker, She flut - ters her Scar - let and Black.
 short, we are paint - ing the heav-ens All o - ver with Scar - let and Black.
 loft in the kiss of the breezes Proud flut - ters the Scar - let and Black.
 right lit - tle, tight lit - tle Qua - ker, Who flut - ters the Scar - let and Black.

SECOND AIR.

Music by Ernest W. Brown.

mf It's a right lit-tle, tight lit-tle col-lege, The col-lege that all of us know ; That goes in for manners and



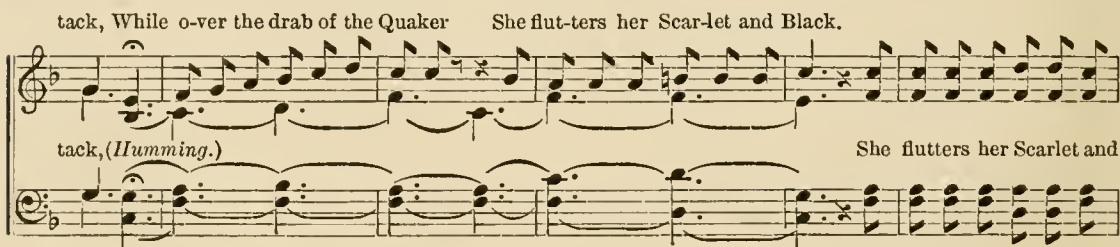
(Humming.)

knowledge, And mus-cle but never for show. Now where is the friend will forsake her, And where is the foe will at-



Now where is the friend will forsake her, And where is the foe will at-

tack, While o-ver the drab of the Quaker She flut-ters her Scar-let and Black.



tack, (Humming.) She flutters her Scarlet and

Black, She flutters the Scarlet and Black, Ta-ra, ta-ra, ta - ra, ta - ra ! She flutters the Scarlet and Black.



accel. *tempo.*

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ALMA MATER.

Words by J. A. Lester, '96.

Music by A. F. Coca, '96.

mf

1. Be - yond the lim - its of the town, A - mid the trees and flow - ers, A - rise, a - bove thy
2. O Hav - er - ford! though far I've been For pleas - ure or for du - ty, No pleas - ure like to

an - cient groves, Thy hon - ored walls and tow - ers. Un - tried, un - tu - tored, once we came To
thine I've seen, No beau - ty like thy beau - ty. Thy dear name writ - ten on my heart Can

rit.

seek that peaceful col - lege, A - mong those groves, within those walls, To scan the book of knowl - edge.
be ef - fac - èd nev - er, Till from the school of life I part, And close my book for - ev - er.

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FOOTBALL SONG.

Words and music by Elliot Field, '97.

1. There is a cer - tain col - lege Not far from Qua - ker Town, Where you can get some
2. We smash thro' guard and tack - le, We cir - cle both the ends, And then the pig - skin

knowl - edge A - bout a good touch-down. You sleep at night in safe - ty, The
soar - ing Our sturd - y full - back sends. Our line will stand un - shak - en A -

grid - iron serves you hoard, For one and all can play foot - ball Out there at Hav - er - ford.
gainst op - po - nents' plays, With one ac - cord for Hav - er - ford A song of vic - t'ry raise.

CHORUS.

Hur - rah for the team of the Scar - let and Black, For they have the skill and the knowl - edge,

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FOOTBALL SONG.

Straight down the field till the touch-down is made, A score for our good old col - lege.

The musical score for 'Football Song' is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in G major, 2/4 time, with a melody that is simple and rhythmic. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the left hand and single notes in the right hand, providing a steady harmonic support.

VIVE LA HAVERFORD.

Words adapted by Ralph Mellor, '99.

Arranged by J. H. Redfield, '99.

Allegro molto.

1. Let ev - 'ry good fel - low come fill up his glass, Vi - ve la Hav - er - ford ; And
2. Come fill up your glass - es, I'll give you a toast, Vi - ve la Hav - er - ford ; To
3. Here's a toast to our Prex - ie and all the good Profs., Vi - ve la Hav - er - ford ; The
4. Now fill up your glass - es—let no one hold back— Vi - ve la Hav - er - ford ; And

The first system of the 'Vive La Haverford' score is in G major, 6/8 time. It features a lively melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment uses chords in the left hand and single notes in the right hand.

drink to the health of his glo - ri - ous class, Vi - ve la Hav - er - ford.
Hav - er - ford Col - lege our pride and our boast, Vi - ve la Hav - er - ford.
dread of the Fresh - man, the joy of the Sophs., Vi - ve la Hav - er - ford.
drink to the fame of the Scar - let and Black, Vi - ve la Hav - er - ford.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the same musical structure and tempo.

CHORUS.

ff
Vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve l'a - mour, Vi - ve la, vi - ve la,

The chorus begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with the piano accompaniment providing a steady harmonic support.

vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve l'amour, vi - ve la Hav - er - ford.

The second system of the chorus continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a final chord.

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SKATING SONG.

Words by Elliot Field, '97.

Music by J. H. Redfield, '99.

Moderato. *mf*

When the merry bells are ring-ing On a spicy winter's
day, With their myriad voi-ces sing - ing, Call - ing us from books a -
way, . . O'er the ice so quick - ly dash - ing, We all are sing - ing
as we glide a - long, And as the sun - light on our steel is flash - ing, See how it

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(10)

SKATING SONG.

Tempo di Valse. f

beats the rhy-thm of our song : Glide, boys, glide, . . . as to the

stroke we're bend - ing, On we go, . . . o-ver ice and

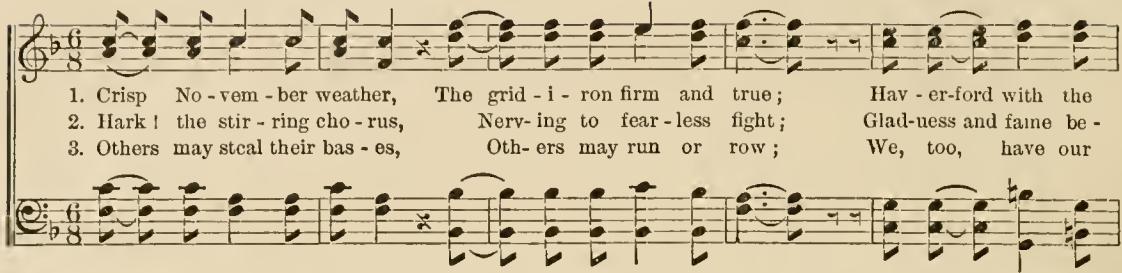
snow ; . . Then sing, boys, sing, . . . and let our voi - ces blend - ing

Ring out - gain . . for old Hav - er - ford. . . .

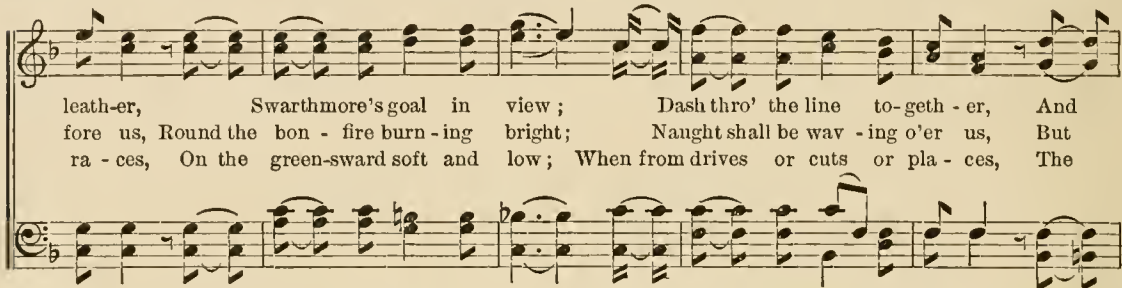
WINTER AND SUMMER.

Words by J. A. Lester, '96.

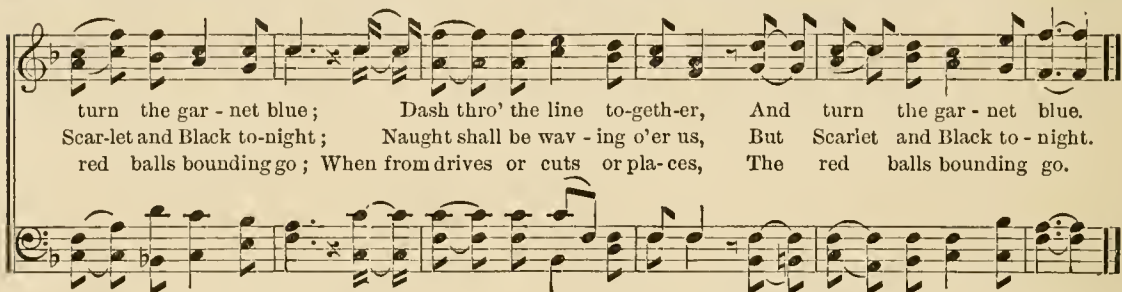
Arranged by C. Linn Seiler, '02.



1. Crisp No - vem - ber weather, The grid - i - ron firm and true; Hav - er-ford with the
 2. Hark ! the stir - ring cho - rus, Nerv - ing to fear - less fight; Glad - ness and fame be -
 3. Others may steal their bas - es, Oth - ers may run or row; We, too, have our



leath - er, Swarthmore's goal in view; Dash thro' the line to - geth - er, And
 fore us, Round the bon - fire burn - ing bright; Naught shall be wav - ing o'er us, But
 ra - ces, On the green - sward soft and low; When from drives or cuts or pla - ces, The



turn the gar - net blue; Dash thro' the line to - geth - er, And turn the gar - net blue.
 Scar - let and Black to - night; Naught shall be wav - ing o'er us, But Scarlet and Black to - night.
 red balls bounding go; When from drives or cuts or pla - ces, The red balls bounding go.

4 Upward the score is taken;—
 Six o'er the maples, tall,
 Wickets are not forsaken,
 Though frozen the creases all;
 The echoes of winter waken
 To the music of bat and ball;
 For the echoes of winter waken
 To the music of bat and ball.

5 Farewell, best of mothers !
 Under thy honored trees,
 Games shall be won by others,
 Cooled by the summer breeze.
 But ever a band of brothers
 Are they who have known thy peace;
 But ever a band of brothers
 Are they who have known thy peace.

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LET OLD BARCLAY RING IT.

Words by Howell S. England, '88.

1 Let old Barclay ring it,
 Sounding from hall to hall;
 Let the wild breezes bring it,
 Let the wild echoes call.
 Merrily let us sing it,
 "Old Haverford love we all,"—
 Ah merrily let us sing it,
 "Old Haverford love we all !"

Air, "Winter and Summer."

2 Future may frown before us,
 Naught can our hearts appal,—
 Scarlet and Black wave o'er us,
 Victors o'er great and small.
 Let us rouse, rouse the chorus,
 "Old Haverford love we all,"—
 O, rouse, rouse the chorus,
 "Old Haverford love we all !"

THE SCARLET AND THE BLACK.

Words by A. S. M. G.*

Tune, "Sadle Ray."
Arranged by Ernest Carter.*

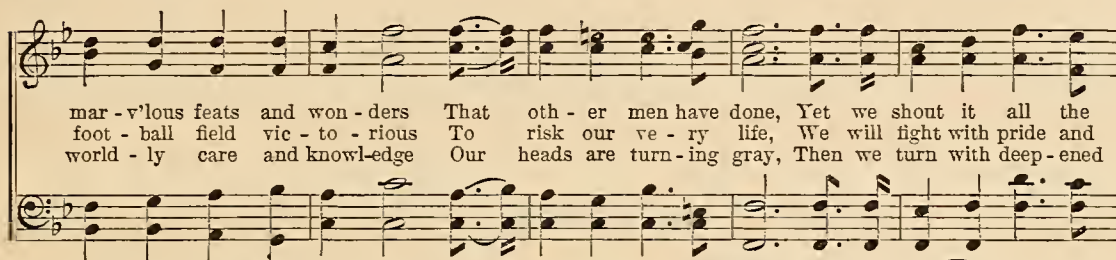
Moderato. (Melody in 1st Bass.)

mf.

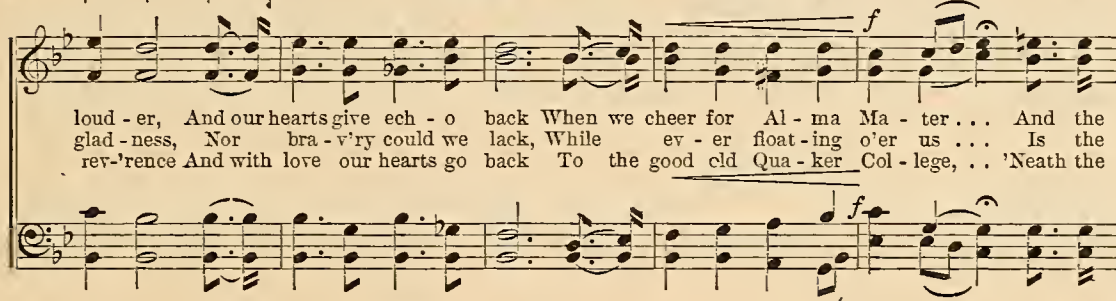


1. Tho' we do not boast our num - bers, Nor the games that we have won, Nor the
2. If in crick - et, sports or ten - nis We are called to join the strife, Or on
3. When the four loved years of col - lege Have long since slipped a - way, And with

mf.

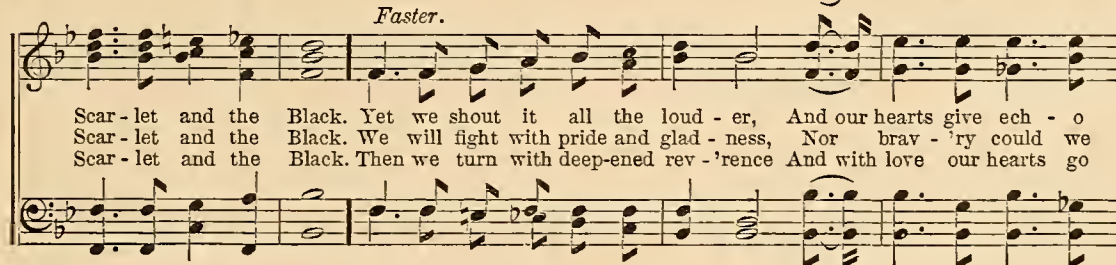


mar - v'lous feats and won - ders That oth - er men have done, Yet we shout it all the
foot - ball field vic - to - rious To risk our ve - ry life, We will fight with pride and
world - ly care and knowl - edge Our heads are turn - ing gray, Then we turn with deep - ened



loud - er, And our hearts give ech - o back When we cheer for Al - ma Ma - ter... And the
glad - ness, Nor bra - v'ry could we lack, While ev - er float - ing o'er us... Is the
rev - rence And with love our hearts go back To the good old Qua - ker Col - lege, .. 'Neath the

Faster.



Scar - let and the Black. Yet we shout it all the loud - er, And our hearts give ech - o
Scar - let and the Black. We will fight with pride and glad - ness, Nor brav - 'ry could we
Scar - let and the Black. Then we turn with deep - ened rev - 'rence And with love our hearts go

a tempo. *ad lib.* *ritard.*



back When we cheer for Al - ma Ma - ter And the Scar - let and the Black.
lack, While ev - er float - ing o'er us... Is the Scar - let and the Black.
back To the good old Qua - ker Col - lege, 'Neath the Scar - let and the Black.

a tempo. *ad lib.* *ritard.*

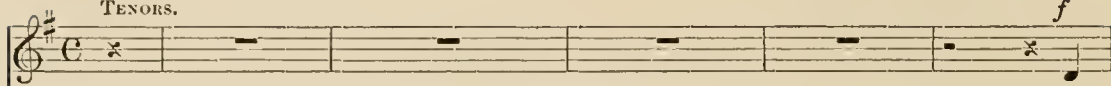
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SONG OF THE SHOPITES.

Words by Oscar Marshall Chase, '94.

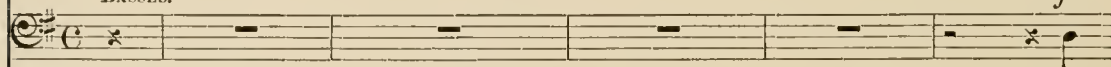
Music by R. De Koven.

Allegro.
TENORS.

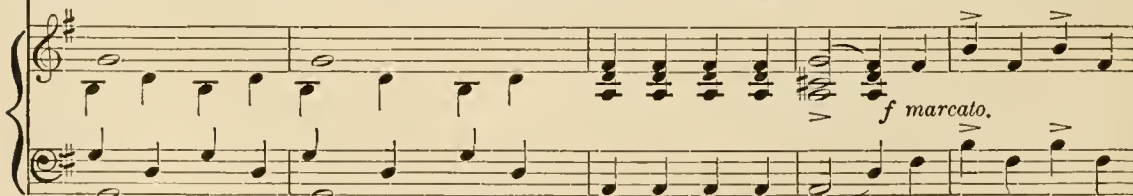
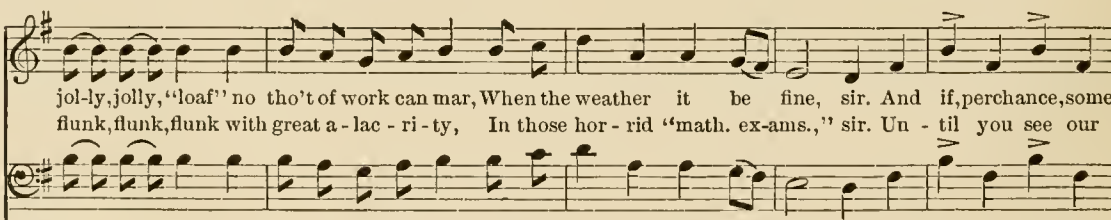
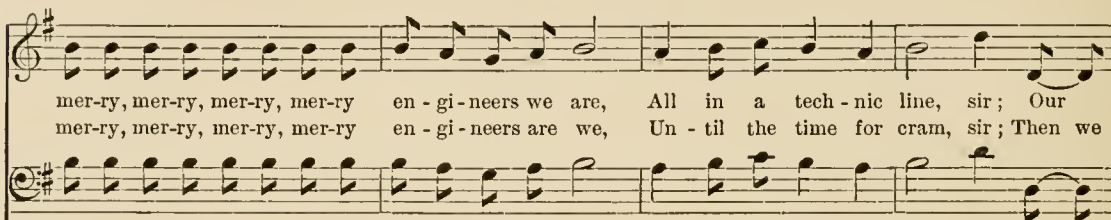


1. 'Tis
2. 'Tis

BASSES.



Allegro.



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SONG OF THE SHOPITES.

clas - sic lout Should slur our jol - ly course, sir. We straightway drown his in - sults out By
mer - ry ranks Are sad - ly de - ci - ma - ted. We who sur - vive are on - ly cranks, And by

mf *ff*

tapping, tapping, tapping, till he's hoarse, sir. So we rap, rap, rap, and we tap, tap, tap, Till he
one, two, three, we are ra - ted. Still we rap, rap, rap, and we tap, tap, tap, From the

mf *p* *mf*

leaves us in dis - gust, sir. All slurs up - on our shop we in - stant - ly will stop With a
dawn to the dark of night, sir, Though we are but a few, per - haps but one or two, We

ff *ff*

SONG OF THE SHOPITES.

slam - bang, or we'll bust, sir. Tink tank, clink clank, tink a tank, a tink tank! Hear our ham-mers
think that we're just right sir. Tink tank, clink clank, tink a tank, a tink tank! Hear our mer - ry

mf sempre staccato e leggiero.

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a dynamic marking of *mf* and the instruction *sempre staccato e leggiero*.

ring; . When our boss is a-way we frolic and we play, As hap-py and gay as a king. .
din; . Our course is run, our work is done, Our names now appear on a skin. .

f

This system contains the next two staves. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a more complex rhythmic pattern with some triplets. A dynamic marking of *f* is present.

pp *f*

This system contains the final two staves. The piano accompaniment begins with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking and later features a *f* (forte) dynamic marking. The system concludes with a double bar line.

SOPHOMORE HOWL.

Words by L. Davis.

Arranged by J. H. Redfield, '99.

1. Oh, Fresh-men, we're glad that you're with us to-night, What you learn from us Sophs you will
2. In all col-lege cus-toms you're fresh—that is so, You are just green all o-ver, a

find is all right; So let each youth-ful "Fresh" as he en-ters our door, O -
fact we all know; As for us, we're ex-pe-ri-enced thro' to the core, There

by the ad-vice of the bold Soph-o-more. You can't beat a cane, you can't wear a tile, For
nev-er was an-y-thing like a Soph'more. Just look at our actions, just look at our side; Of

real-ly a Fresh-man has no need of style. Your bus-iness it is to look
Hav-er-ford Col-lege we're sure-ly the pride. Your bus-iness it is to look

up and a-dore, And won-der if you'll ev-er be a Soph-'more.

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THE FIELDS OF HAVERFORD.

Words by J. Stokes Morris, '91.

Poco Allegro.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is present at the beginning.

The first system of the song includes a vocal melody line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1. Near a line of elms and maples, shading downward to the gate, There's our 2. For a - lov - ing her is ea - sy, and a - doubt - ing her a crime ; And her". A piano (*pp*) dynamic marking is shown.

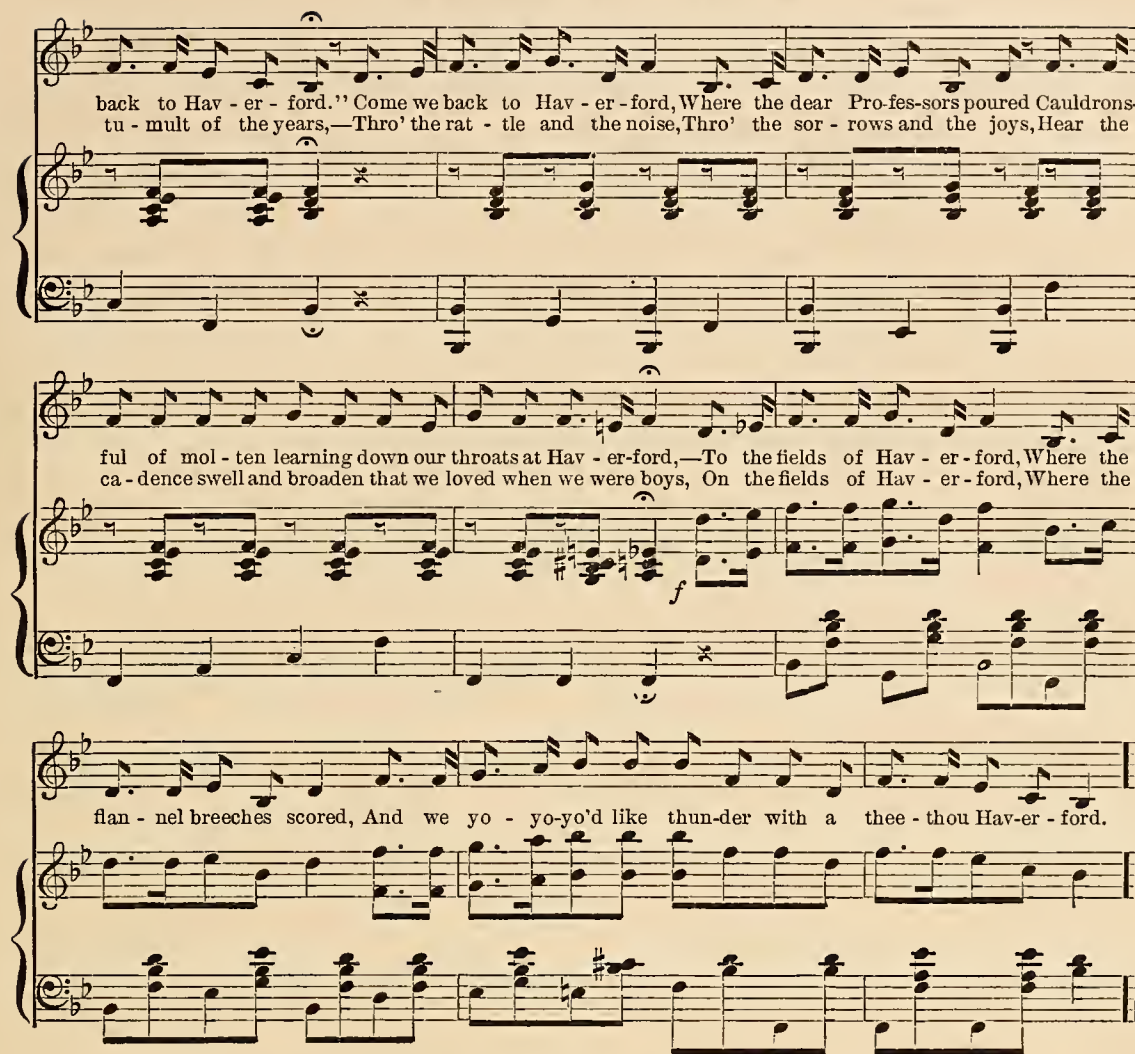
The second system continues the song with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "col - lege home a - rest - ing, there the ghosts of mem - ry wait, Till the voi - ces of the night - time sig - nal name is AL - MA MA - TER 'till the death of Father Time, — When we heard the name as Freshmen it was".

The third system of the song includes a vocal melody line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "us with one ac - cord — ' Come you back, you old - er chil - dren, come you mu - sic to our ears, And the ca - dence swells and broad - ens through the". The system includes tempo markings: *rit.* (ritardando), *a tempo.* (return to tempo), *rit.*, *trem.* (tremolo), and *a tempo.*. A *Ped.* (pedal) marking is also present.

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THE FIELDS OF HAVERFORD.



back to Hav - er - ford." Come we back to Hav - er - ford, Where the dear Pro-fes-sors poured Cauldrons-tu - mult of the years,—Thro' the rat - tle and the noise,Thro' the sor - rows and the joys,Hear the

ful of mol - ten learning down our throats at Hav - er - ford,—To the fields of Hav - er - ford,Where the ca - dence swell and broaden that we loved when we were boys, On the fields of Hav - er - ford,Where the

flan - nel breeches scored, And we yo - yo-yo'd like thun-der with a thee - thou Hav - er - ford.

- 3 When the sun proclaims the spring-time, and the breezes gently blow,
D'you hear the jolly chorus, and the ringing, "yo-yo-yo" ?
With that sound upon our ear-drum, and that breeze upon our cheek,
We used to get out lessons, but we got them rather weak.
 John-o'-Grings, your logic's weak,
 And your sludgy, spudgy Greek,
Why the mischief don't you "buck" 'em and like Christians take a sneak
 To the fields of Haverford,
 Where the flannel breeches scored,
And we yo-yo-yo'd like thunder with a thee-thou Haverford.
- 4 Youthful idylls fade behind us—now we touch another chord,
And another line of duty than the line to Haverford,—
But we're learning in the struggle what the old Alumnus tells—
 "If you hear your College calling, you will never heed aught else."
 No, we will not heed aught else,
 But the scented flow'ry dells,
And the sunshine, and the elm-trees, and the merry lesson bells,
 O'er the fields of Haverford,
 Where the flannel breeches scored,
And we yo-yo-yo'd like thunder with a thee-thou Haverford.

THE FIELDS OF HAVERFORD.

- 5 We are sick of drudging onward through the noisy paths of life,
 With the damn'd clink of silver beating marches for the strife.—
 We may win success and fortune 'twixt the College and the grave,
 And we may be kind o' happy — as a blasted nigger slave.
 We may cuss, and we may rave,
 Still, a blasted nigger slave,
 And a purer, surer happiness our college knowledge gave
 On the fields of Haverford,
 Where the flannel breeches scored,
 And we yo-yo-yo'd like thunder with a thee-thou Haverford.
- 6 Bear us back to busy hours when the worst was like the best,
 And we took our daily labor sugar-coated with a jest,
 For old Founders' bell is ringing and we must not now be late,
 Near the lines of elms and maples, shading greenly to the gate.
 On the fields of Haverford,
 Where the dear Professors poured
 Potpourri of Greek and Cricket when we went to Haverford.
 O, the fields of Haverford,
 Where the flannel breeches scored,
 And we yo-yo-yo'd like thunder with a thee-thou Haverford.

THE WOODEN SPOON.

Arranged.

1. Come, all ye jol - ly Se - niors, and stand up in a row, For sing - ing sen - ti -
 2. What adds to our en - joy - ment, our pride and glo - ry, too, Is that so man - y
 3. But one short day re-mains to us and we'll be here no more, So if you think of

men - tal - ly I'm go - ing for to go; We care not for ap - point-ments, for
 la - dies fair are pres - ent to our view. We thank them for this fa - vor, . . it
 hus - bands from the class that's on the floor, You must, sweet la - dies, be on hand, you

morn - ing, night or noon, We're sing - ing loud the prais - es of the jol - ly wood - en spoon.
 is a might - y boon; We sing as well their prais - es as the glo - ries of the spoon.
 can - not be too soon, Per - mit us to pre - sent to you the man who has the spoon.

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ARBOR DAY SONG.

Words adapted.

Arranged by J. H. Redfield, '99.

Moderato.

1. 'Tis Ar - bor day, in Se - nior year, When by old Time's de - cree It well be - hooves our
 2. So deep, deep down we dig a hole, And then, where all can see, Up - on the lawn at
 3. And as the years go roll - ing by, And Se-niors come and go, A guar - dian of our

CHORUS.

jol - ly, jol - ly class To plant a Se - nior tree. Oh, the sum - mer sun may shine, And the
 Hav - er - ford We plant our Se - nior tree.
 glo - rious past, This lit - tle tree will grow.

win - ter winds may blow, And the poor old "Fresh" be peg - ging at ex - ams, — But our

lit - tle tree will grow, will grow, will grow, Yes, the Se - nior tree will grow.

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ECCE QUAM BONUM.

Ec - ce quam bo - num, quam-que ju - cun - dum ha - bi - ta - re fra - tres in u - num.

COMRADES.

Words by E. W. Evans, '02.

Melody by Leslie Stuart.
Arranged by J. H. Redfield, '99.

Marziale.



1. Com-rades, come and loy - al - ly we'll sing Prais - es to Hav - er-ford so dear; . .
2. Four short years soon mer - ri - ly are sped, With them our col - lege days are o'er; . .



- And so clear - ly let our voi - ces ring, That won - d'ring all the world shall hear. . .
Yet the thought of days that long have fled In mem - 'ry dwells for ev - er - more; . .



- And tho' days to come may still our out-ward song, Yet as the years go roll - ing by, A
And when we think that in the com - ing years On col - lege days we'll turn our back, Let



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COMRADES.

song in our hearts shall be And love our part shall be To Hav-er-ford, and ne-ver shall it die, To
us be hold in all To e'er up-hold in all The hon-or of the Scar-let and the Black, The

Hav-er-ford, And nev-er shall it die. And when we say that we are broth-ers, Re-
hon-or of the Scar-let and the Black, And when we say that we are broth-ers, Re-

CHORUS.

mem-ber what has made us so. 'Tis our love for Hav-er-ford, my lads, That swells, my lads, that

1st time *mf*
2d time *ff*

dwells, my lads, In the hearts of all of us, my lads, As her prais-es we sing with one ac-

COMRADES.

cord, And thou, O time! Tho' strong thou art, Yet nev - er, nev - er shalt thou part, The

ties that ev - er bind the hearts of ev - 'ry son of Hav - er - ford. 'Tis our ford.

1 2 D.C.

1 3 3 2 D.C.

EVENING SONG.

Words by Ralph Mellor, '99.

Music by Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. In the west the sun is set - ting, Sha - dows on the ground are cast,
 2. As we gath - er here to - geth - er, In the bonds of broth - er - ly love,
 3. Soon the night will be a - round us, When Thy an - gels fly a - broad;
 4. Fa - ther, guide our Al - ma Ma - ter Through all dan - gers that be - tide,

rit.

Ev - er dark - 'ning, lon - ger get - ting, Show an - oth - er day... is past.
 Slow - ly rise our thoughts e'er high - er, To our Fa - ther far... a - bove.
 Let them watch in calm - ness o'er us, Keep our hearts from sin... and fraud.
 Ev - er near those sons who love her Let Thy bless - ed love... a - hide.

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BREAKFAST.

Words by E. W. Evans, '02.

1. Oh! when old Found-ers' Bell is ring - ing The hour that Se - niors nev - er
2. The Se - nior, tho',—to put it mild - ly— A - ris - es hur - ried - ly and

know, Poor Fresh - men from their beds are spring - ing And qui - et - ly to break-fast
late; The din - ing - room he en - ters wild - ly Just as the clock is strik - ing

go. You see them pass - ing, smil - ing sweet - ly, Their locks are part - ed straight and
eight. The wait - er greets him with this fac - er— And as he hears his cheeks grow

true; Their teeth are cleaned and clothes brushed neat - ly, Just as their Mammas taught them to.
wan — "Dere's steak and chops an' eggs, to - day, Sah! But all de steak an' chops am gone."

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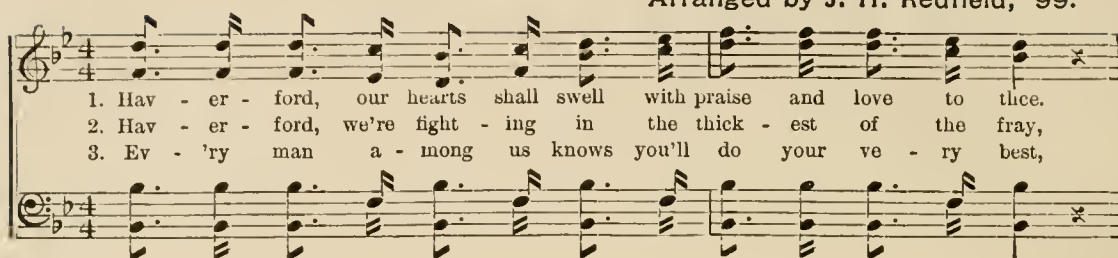
CHANT.

Arranged by J. S. Carle.

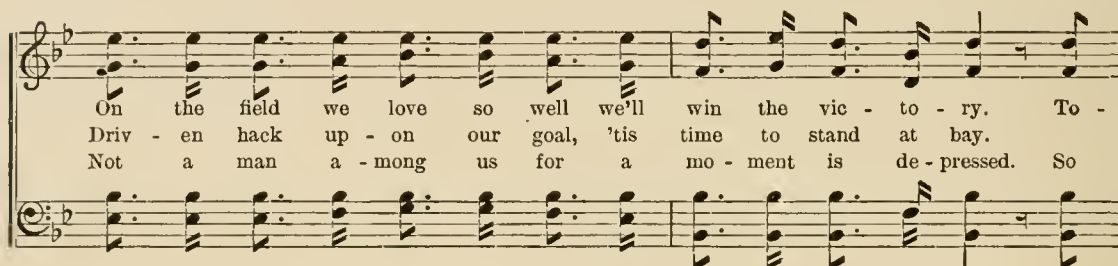
1. { When the good man of the } breaketh his heart, but 'tis not so with the ungodly.
house falleth in love he
2. { For women, deceiver of mankind, } and false curls, and the end of her is bitterness.
is but vanity
3. { For man wasteth his substance } parties and balls, and she flirteth with another fellow. A-women.
upon her, taking her to

HAVERFORD WE SING FOREVER.

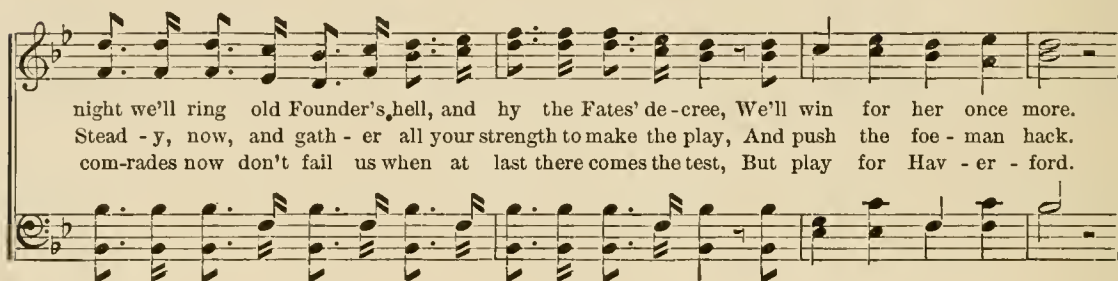
Arranged by J. H. Redfield, '99.



1. Hav - er - ford, our hearts shall swell with praise and love to thee.
 2. Hav - er - ford, we're fight - ing in the thick - est of the fray,
 3. Ev - 'ry man a - mong us knows you'll do your ve - ry best,

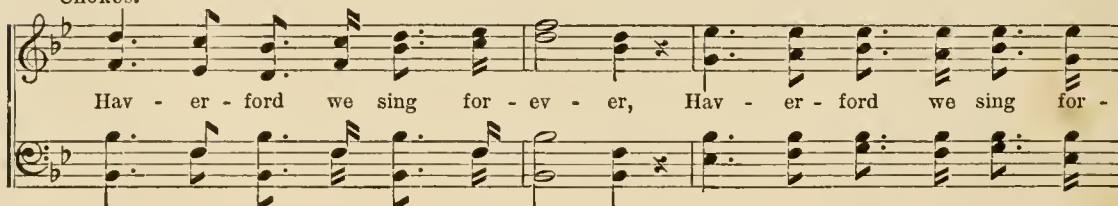


On the field we love so well we'll win the vic - to - ry. To -
 Driv - en hack up - on our goal, 'tis time to stand at bay.
 Not a man a - mong us for a mo - ment is de - pressed. So

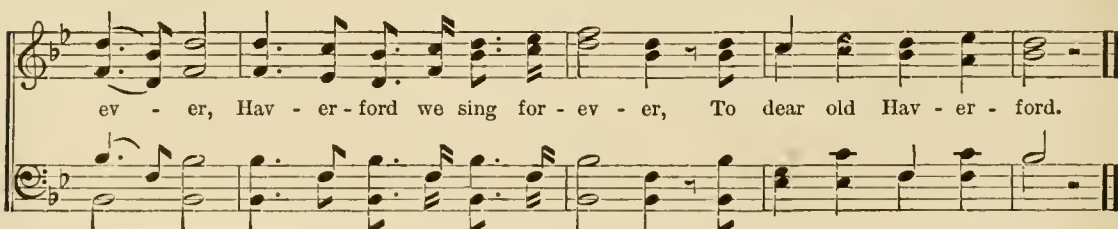


night we'll ring old Founder's bell, and by the Fates' de - cree, We'll win for her once more.
 Stead - y, now, and gath - er all your strength to make the play, And push the foe - man hack.
 com - rades now don't fail us when at last there comes the test, But play for Hav - er - ford.

CHORUS.



Hav - er - ford we sing for - ev - er, Hav - er - ford we sing for -



ev - er, Hav - er - ford we sing for - ev - er, To dear old Hav - er - ford.

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IT'S THE WAY WE HAVE AT OLD COLLEGE.

Words by Elliot Field, '97.

*1. If you pro-pose to know, sir, To Hav - er - ford then go, sir; In
 2. We're quite well known to fame, sir, We win in ev - 'ry game, sir; We're
 *3. We think it is no sin, sir, To take the Fresh - men in, sir; Or

way we have at old col - lege, The way we have at old col - lege; It's the
 FINE.

knowl - edge you will grow, sir, At good old Hav - er - ford.
 proud of our good name, sir, The name of Hav - er - ford.
 help them make a din, sir, At good old Hav - er - ford.

way we have at old col - lege, At good old Hav - er - ford. D.S. al :8:

At good old Hav - er - ford, At good old Hav - er - ford; It's the

4 And so you need not fear, sir,
 To join our crowd up here, sir;
 It will not cost you dear, sir,
 At good old Haverford.

5 We think we ought to tell, sir,
 That it is not quite well, sir,
 For you to fail to yell, sir,
 For good old Haverford.

• Adapted.

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ONE DAY.

Words and music by Elliot Field, '97.

1. One day a Fresh - man chanced to meet A Se - nior in the
 2. One day an I - rish - man let fall A can of dyn - a -
 3. One day our dear Pro - fess - or saw A com - et in the

hall.
 mite.
 sky.

Ah, ah, ah, that's all.
 Ah, ah, ah, you're right.
 Ah, ah, ah, "Good-bye."

He slapped him gai - ly on the back,
 You'll say of course that he was blown,
 He seized it by the tail and said,

QUADRANGLE SONG.

Words by K. W. F.

Air, "Loreley."

mf

1. Our song is of Hav-er-ford col - lege, A theme that is dear to us all, . . To
 2. Deep down in our hearts is a long - ing To prove our-selves wor - thy and true, . . To
 3. Oh, Hav - er-ford, small, yet art might - y, Good luck to thee, col - lege and men; . Win

mf

cres.

those who are still on its cam - pus, And those who are far from its call. . In
 bring naught but glo - ry and hon - or, As loy - al sons ev - er should do. . The
 lau - rels in foot - ball and crick - et, And next year—then win them a - gain. . A -

cres.

f

mem - 'ry each ab - sent son sees thee, Our dear Qua - ker moth - er, to - day; . . . Here's a
 years fade a - way, as our thoughts turn To scenes we de - light to re - call; . . . Here's a
 chieve much as men and as schol - ars, Nor hon - or nor fame may'st thou lack; . . Hats

f

health to our old Al - ma Ma - ter, And a health to her sons, far a - way. .
 health to our old Al - ma Ma - ter, And mem'ries of cam - pus and hall. .
 off to our old Al - ma Ma - ter, Three cheers for the Scar - let and Black!

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WHERE, O WHERE?

Words arranged by E. F., '97.

Music arranged by J. H. Redfield, '99.

1. { Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh - men? Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh - men?
 They've gone out from All Night Al - ge - bra! They've gone out from All Night Al - ge - bra;
 2. { Where, O where are the frisk - y Soph - 'mores? Where, O where are the frisk - y Soph - 'mores?
 They've gone out from Rhoad's Phy - sics, They've gone out from Rhoad's Phy - sics,

Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh - men? Safe, safe in the Soph - 'more class.
 They've gone out from All Night Al - ge - bra, Safe, safe in the Soph - 'more class.
 Where, O where are the frisk - y Soph - 'mores? Safe, safe in the Ju - nior class.
 They've gone out from Rhoad's Phy - sics, Safe, safe in the Ju - nior class.

- 3 Where, O where are the stately Juniors?
 Where, O where are the stately Juniors?
 Where, O where are the stately Juniors?
 Safe, safe in the Senior Class.
 They've gone out from Poly Con. Hadley,
 They've gone out from Poly Con. Hadley,
 They've gone out from Poly Con. Hadley,
 Safe, safe in the Senior Class.
- 4 Where, O where are the grave old Seniors?
 Where, O where are the grave old Seniors?
 Where, O where are the grave old Seniors?
 Safe, safe in the wide, wide world.
 They've gone out from Muirhead's Ethics,
 They've gone out from Muirhead's Ethics,
 They've gone out from Muirhead's Ethics,
 Safe, safe in the wide, wide world.

- 5 Where, O where are the staid Alumni?
 Where, O where are the staid Alumni?
 Where, O where are the staid Alumni?
 Lost, lost in the wide, wide world.
 They've gone out from their Alma Mater,
 They've gone out from their Alma Mater,
 They've gone out from their Alma Mater,
 Lost, lost in the wide, wide world.
- 6 Where, O where are the stern Professors?
 Where, O where are the stern Professors?
 Where, O where are the stern Professors?
 Safe, safe in the old class rooms.
 They'll remain till the break of doomsday,
 They'll remain till the break of doomsday,
 They'll remain till the break of doomsday,
 Safe, safe in the old class rooms.

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THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

CHANT.

1, 2, 3. Once upon a time there were three little kittens who lay in a basket of saw-aw - dust;

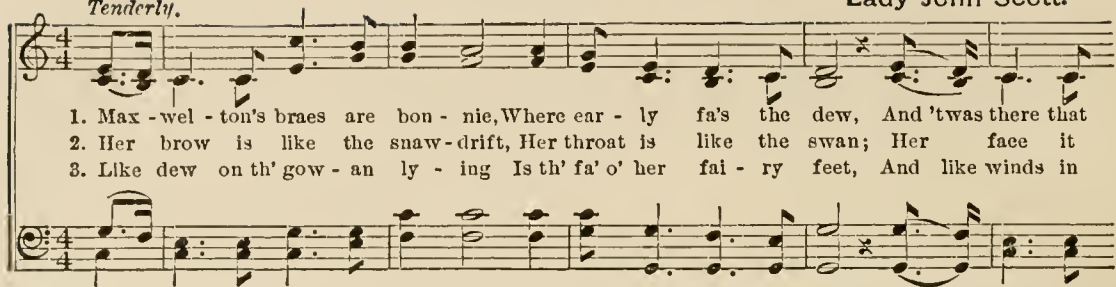
After last stanza.

Said the { first
 second } little kitten un-to the { other two } { If you don't get } I . . must ! That's all.
 third } little cats } out of this, then }

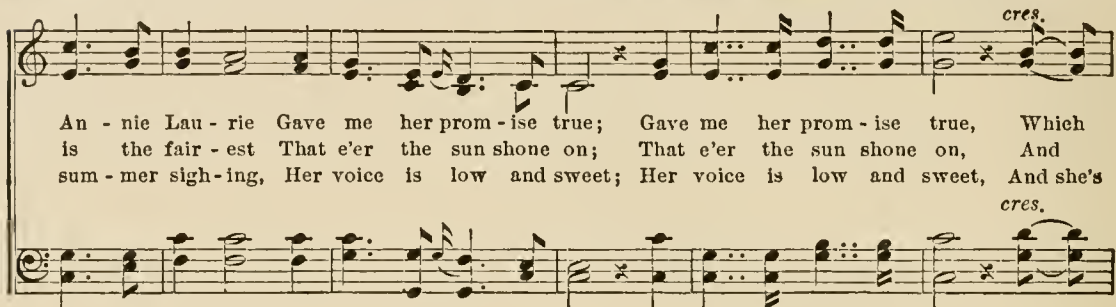
ANNIE LAURIE.

Tenderly.

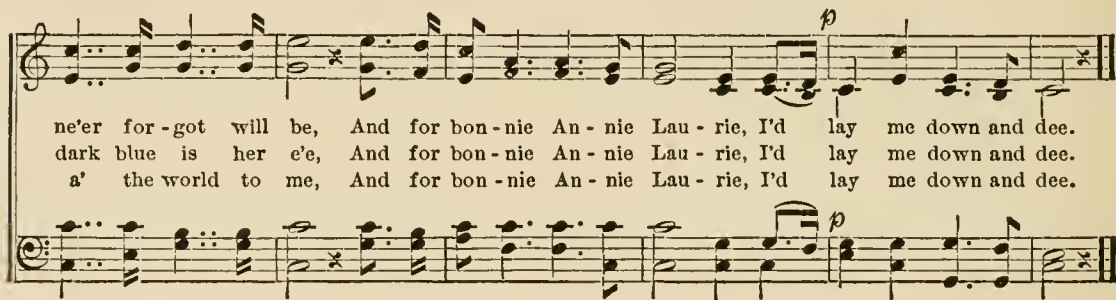
Lady John Scott.



1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that
 2. Her brow is like the snaw - drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it
 3. Like dew on th' gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fai - ry feet, And like winds in



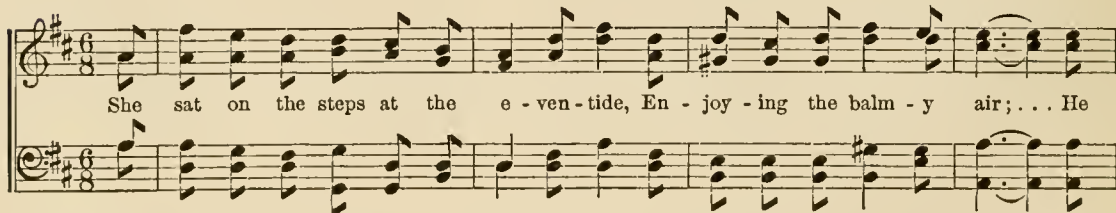
An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true; Gave me her prom - ise true, Which
 is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And
 sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's



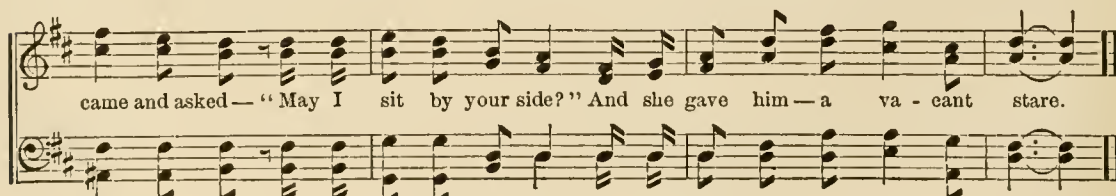
ne'er for - got will be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
 dark blue is her e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
 a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

THE VACANT STARE.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.



She sat on the steps at the e - ven - tide, En - joy - ing the balm - y air; . . . He



came and asked — "May I sit by your side?" And she gave him — a va - cant stare.

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H-A-V-E-R-F-O-R-D.

Words adapted by E. F., '97.

Arranged by J. H. Redfield, '99.

1. H - A - V, V - E - R, F - O - R, Hav - er - for, O - R - D, Hav - er - ford, To
2. W - H - Y, D - O, do, Y - O - U, Why do you, S - I - N, Why do you sin,

Hav - er - ford, Hav - er - ford we sing, To Hav - er - ford, To Hav - er - ford Hear us sing and
N - G, sing, Tell me why you sing? To Hav - er - ford, To Hav - er - ford Hear us sing and

hear us yell, To Hav - er - ford, To Hav - er - ford, Hear us sing and yell.

(Yell :) Yo, yo, yo
Yo, yo, yo,
Swish, Swack,
Scarlet and Black,
Thee, Thou,
Haverford.

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A TRAGEDY.

Words by Elliot Field, '97.

Andante.

1. There lived one time a lad named Jones, From Penn - syl - va - ni - a . . . Who
2. He stud - ied hard from morn 'till eve His sci - ence, Math. and Lat - in; And
3. A big fat man one day sat down With - out his head a - turn - ing, And

ritard.

came to get his learn - ing at A . . col - lege down our way.
sat all day un - til he grew In - to the chair he sat in.
squashed Jones flat; so that is why The chairs are seats of learn - ing.

CHORUS

Blow, ye winds of the morning, Blow, ye winds, heigh-o; . . Blow, ye winds of the morning, Blow, blow, blow.

UPON THE COLLEGE CAMPUS.

Words by G. W. Carryl and Arthur Thomas.

Arr. by C. Linn Seller, '02.

1. When on the col - lege cam - pus Comes eve-ning's ten - der pall, The moon-light comes to
 2. The new moon dips her cres - cent Toward Ve-nus glow-ing near; All na - ture lies qui -
 3. The deep-'ning gloom marks mid-night, Yet still we sit and sing, While to the night airs

lin - ger On chap - el and on hall; When day - light dies our voi - ces rise, While
 es - cent—Yet sweet - ly on the ear There falls a low me - lo - dious strain That
 gen - tly The branch - es sway and swing; Ah! free from strife, with glad - ness rife, We

stars look down from si - lent skies, We sing our col - lege prais - es And watch the shad-ows fall.
 swells and dies and swells a - gain—A chant of col - lege prais - es Our list-'ning hearts to cheer.
 bless our care-less stu-dent life, And to our col - lege prais - es We make the ech-oes ring.

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LONG LIVE OUR COLLEGE.

Long may she live, our Col - lege fair! . . . Long may she live, our Col - lege
 our Col - lege fair!

fair! . . . Long live! . . . Long live! . . . our Col - lege fair! . . .
 our College fair! Long may she live! Long may she live!

cres. *rit.* *cres.* *rit.*

EVERETT SONG.

1. Our strong band can ne'er be bro - ken, Formed at Hav - er - ford ; Far sur - pass - ing
2. Strong we stand by love u - ni - ted, Strong in books and sport, By each vic - to -
3. Col - lege life at best is fleet - ing, So with one ac - cord Let us pledge at

CHORUS.

wealth un - spo - ken, Bound by friendship's cord ! "Per Ar - du - a ad . . as - tra,"
ry de - light - ed, By each ef - fort taught.
ev - 'ry meet - ing Love for Hav - er - ford.

Grav - en on each heart, Shall be found un - wav'-ring, true, Till from life we part.

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WHEN FIRST I KISSED SWEET MARGARET.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.

1. When first I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, When first I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, She blushed rose-
2. Last night I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, Last night I kiss'd sweet Mar - ga - ret, She blushed rose-
red, and stern-ly said, "You must - n't! stop!"
red, but sim- ply (Omit.) said, "You must - n't stop."

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THERE'S TROUBLE IN THE AIR.

Words by Theodore J. Grayson, Ex. '01.

Arranged by C. Linn Seiler, '02.

1. There's trou-ble in the air, . . When all Hav-er-ford is still, And dark-ness casts its pall,
 2. There's trou-ble in the air, . . When a foot-ball game is played, And how the shout - ing swells,
 3. There's trou-ble in the air, . . When the four short years are o'er, And Hav-er - ford's leal sons

Like some grim and bo - ding ill. Many a "pan - el's" dy - ing cry Shows a Soph'more's
 When our first touch-down is made. Hark ! the "Yo Yo "sounds a - gain, Hav - er - ford calls
 Say fare-well for - ev - er more. Still they do not say fare - well, They re - turn through

foot is nigh, While the "Fresh" with ris - ing hair Feel the trou - ble in the air.
 to her men, See the col - ors wav - ing fair, Vic - to - ry is in the air.
 life to tell Oth - er gen - er - a - tions there Of the bless - iugs in the air.

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ON THE PIKE.

Words by Elliot Field, '97.

Music by Walter Howe Jones.


1. One day a Fresh a - burst-ing with his knowledge, A - stroll-ing met a girl from well - some - college.
 2. The maid-en sniffed and gave him glances chilling, Then said, "Young man, I'm sure I'm always will - ing

A-like they bowed ; and then he, grow-ing bold - er, Sug - gest - ed that : " The days are growing cold - er."
 To talk on themes com-men-su-rate with knowledge, Ac - quir - ed at - well - at some nearby col - lege."


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HERE'S TO GOOD OLD COLLEGE.

Words adapted by E. F., '97.




1. Here's to good old col - lege, drink her down, drink her down, Here's to good old col - lege, drink her
 2. Here's to Founder's Hall, . drink her down, drink her down, Here's to Foun-der's Hall, drink her
 3. Here's to Fac - ul - ty, . drink her down, drink her down, Here's to Fac - ul - ty, drink her




down, drink her down ; Here's to good old col - lege, for it's there you get the knowledge, Drink her
 down, drink her down ; Here's to Foun-der's Hall and to Bar - clay, Lloyd and all, . Drink her
 down, drink her down ; Here's to Fac - ul - ty, they're as jol - ly as can be, . Drink her

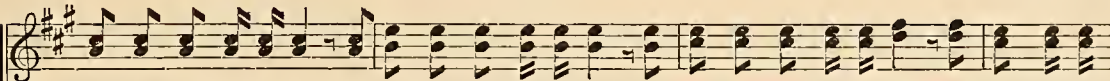
FINE. CHORUS.



down, drink her down, drink her down, down, down, Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad,

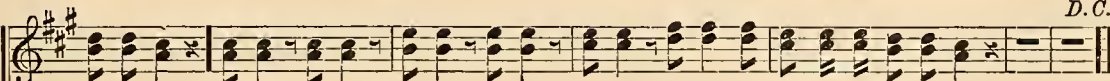


Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad, Balm of Gil - e - ad, Way down on the Bin - go farm. We



won't go there an - y more, We won't go there an - y more, we won't go there an - y more, Way down on the

D. C.



Bin - go farm. Bin - go, Bin - go, Bin - go, Bin - go, Bin - go, Bin - go, Way down on the Bingo farm.

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BOWL, YE BOWLERS, BOWL.

Words by Elliot Field, '97.

Arranged by James Kendrick.

mf Solo.

1. A cap-i - tal tree For a boun - da - ry, Is a wil - low straight and strong; Though
 2. A breez - y day, In the month of May, Is the time for a bowl - er's lark; With

bowl - ing's swift, This bat will lift What - ev - er comes a - long Right
 swell - ing pride He takes each stride, The bats - man's stumps his mark; As

o'er the trees; And on the breeze We hear the whack and swish and crack; The
 down he goes, With fasts and slows, The bats - men quail and all turn pale; "Bowed

field - ers chase In a long foot race, For the Scar - let and the Black.
 for a duck His pla - gued luck"—Heigh - o! the bats - man's tale!

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BOWL, YE BOWLERS, BOWL.

f CHORUS. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)

Then bowl, ye bowl-ers, bowl, And roll, ye red balls, roll. No mat-ter how hot The

rit. *a tempo.*
sun has got, We'll top the score with one hit more; We fear nor fast, nor slow, To

rit. *a tempo.*

boun-d'ry they will go, And so all day We'll bat a - way—Heigh-o, a hit for four!

HAVERFORD MEDLEY.

Arranged by C. Linn Seiler, '02.

Presto.

mf

Come, lads, let's chant a song in praise of Hav - er - ford, With spi - rits light and

mf

voi - cestuned to one ac - cord; An an - them we'll not sing nor lone - ly dirge, . . But

p

p

rit.

Moderato.

for the songs so dear to all Our cheer - ful voi - ces merge.

p

Some peo - ple say that a Freshman won't flunk

rit.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

mf

Way off yon - der in the class - room; But I caught one pack - ing up his trunk

mf

SOLO.

CHORUS.

pp

Way off yon - der in the class - room. "I answered three questions out of sev - en" he said,

pp

SOLO.

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HAVERFORD MEDLEY.

CHORUS.

mf

Way off yon - der in the class - room. He left with my bless - ing on his head,

mf *SOLO.*

CHORUS.

ril. *Faster.* *ff*

Way off yon - der in the class - room. Hark to de steam - er round de bend, de bend, She's a -

ril. *p* *ff*

pp *mf*

com - in', she's a - com - in', she's a - com - in' from de land where de white man lives, she's a -

pp *mf*

p *(humming.)*

com - in' to take me home. . . In the dis - tance old Foun - ders' bell is ring - ing.

ritard. *SOLO.* *p*

Moderato.

mf *pp*

Long - ing for the good old days, Long - ing for the good old days,

mf *pp*

Old col - lege days. Old Col - lege

HAVERFORD MEDLEY.

. . . When our friends to us were broth-ers and the girls to us were oth-ers, and we'd days.

mf

stu - dy, stu - dy, stu - dy, stu - dy, stu - dy, stu - dy, stu - dy *rit.*

play French crick - et and foot - ball all the live - long sleep and eat.

rit.

f

I've been bon-ing on the Mid - years all the live - long day, While a-round the world is

f

pp

smil - ing My heart is far from gay. Don't you hear old Founders' ring - ing?

pp

ff

Rise up so ear - ly in the morn; Sad - ly all the fel - lows whis - per, He's

ff *pp*

HAVERFORD MEDLEY.

rit. *Presto.*

got 'em sure's you're born, as sure's you're

1. Down on de Mis-sis-sip-pi float-ing,
2. All day de cot-ton-wood I'se tot-ing,

rit. *mf*

Fast.

Long time I trab-belled on de way; Nel-lie was a la-dy,
Sing-ing for my true love all de day.

rit.

Last night she died; Toll de bell for love-ly Nell, My dark Vir-gin-ia bride.

rit.

Presto.

And now, my friends, a part-ing must at last . . be made, Our throats are dry and

p

we have all too long de-layed, And though it breaks our hearts to turn to flight, . Yet

p

HAVERFORD MEDLEY.

* 2d Tenors take words, 1st Tenors and Basses have "la la" accompaniment for four measures.

TARPAULIN JACKET.

Words by Arthur Nash.

Arranged.

1. Wrap me up in a tar-pau-lin jack-et, . To speed a poor duf-fer ne -
2. Then get six, jol - ly, roy-al fore-top men, With a rol - lick-ing, roy-al yo -
3. Then two white hol - ly tab-lets ob-tain, sir, . At my head and my feet to be -

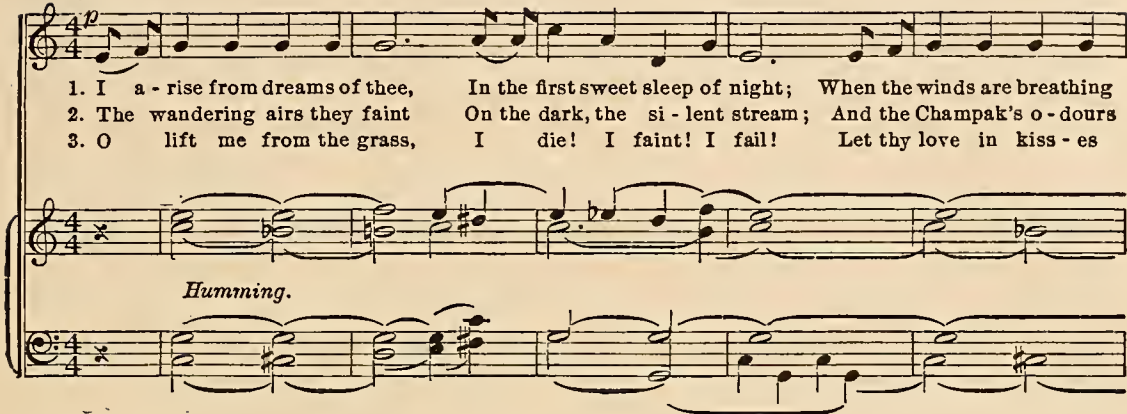
low; . Bid six jol-ly sail-or-men bear me, . With a step so-ber, meas-ured, and slow. .
ho, . To drink down a six-gal-lon grog, sir, . To the health of the duf-fer be-low! .
stow, . And chis-el up-on them this line, sir, . To the jol-ly poor duf-fer be-low! .

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I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.

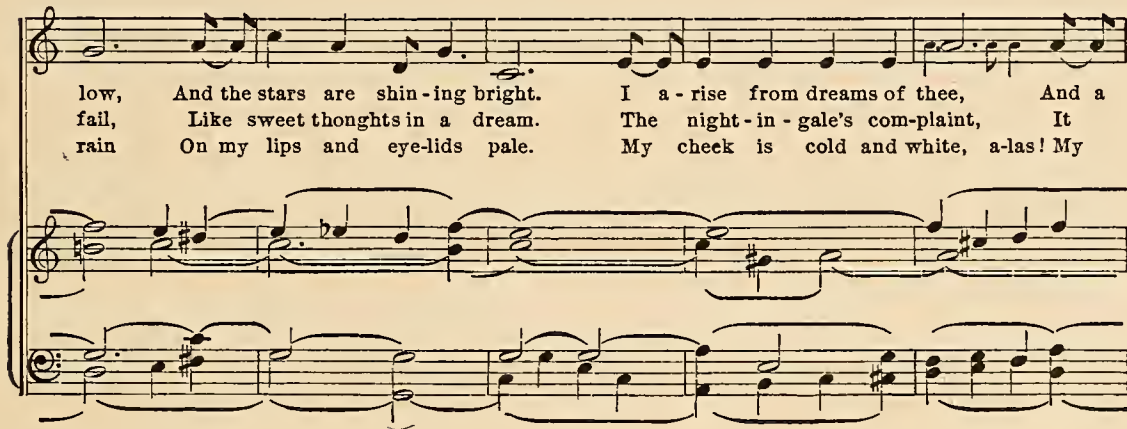
Tourtellot.

Solo.

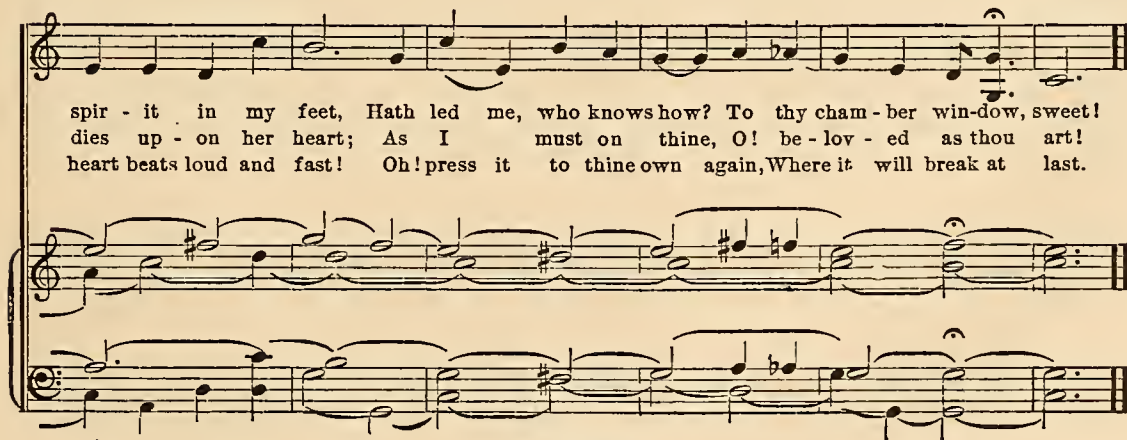


1. I a - rise from dreams of thee, In the first sweet sleep of night; When the winds are breathing
2. The wandering airs they faint On the dark, the si - lent stream; And the Champak's o - dours
3. O lift me from the grass, I die! I faint! I fail! Let thy love in kiss - es

Humming.



low, And the stars are shin - ing bright. I a - rise from dreams of thee, And a
fail, Like sweet thoughts in a dream. The night - in - gale's com - plaint, It
rain On my lips and eye - lids pale. My cheek is cold and white, a - las! My



spir - it in my feet, Hath led me, who knows how? To thy cham - ber win - dow, sweet!
dies up - on her heart; As I must on thine, O! be - lov - ed as thou art!
heart beats loud and fast! Oh! press it to thine own again, Where it will break at last.

By permission.

NELLY WAS A LADY.

1. { Down on the Mis-sis-sip-pl float-ing, Long time I trab-bel o'er the way;
 All night the cot-ton-wood I'se tot-ing, Singing for my true lub all the day.
 2. { Now I'se un-hap-py, and I'se weep-ing; Can't tote de cot-ton-wood no more.
 Last night when Nel-ly was a sleep-ing, Death came a-knock-ing at the door.

Nel-ly was a la-dy, last night she died; Toll de bell for lub-ly Nell, my dark Vir-gin-ia bride.

Oh, Nel-ly was a la-dy, last night she died; Toll the

bell for lub-ly Nell, my dark-y bride. Oh, Nel-ly was a la-dy,
 my darcy bride.

last night she dled; Toll the bell for lub-ly Nell, my dar-ky bride.

By permission.

NELLY WAS A LADY.

After last verse.

Nel - ly was a la - dy, she was; last night she died, she did;

Toll the bell for lub - ly Nell, my dark Vir - gin - ia bride, she was.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Music by Johanna Kinkie.

Andante.

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
 2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
 3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng - ing, That

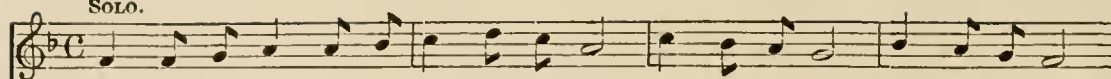
then what - e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare -
 spear and pen - non glanc - ing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing. Fare -
 with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing, Fare -

Tranquillo e molto espress.

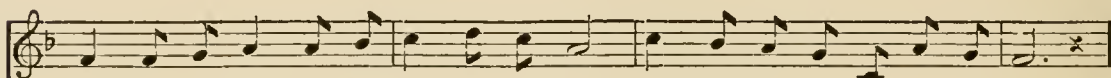
well, fare - well, my own true love; Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

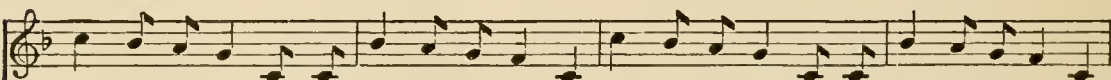
Solo.



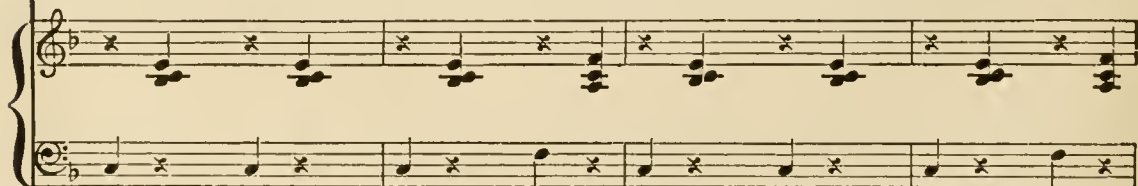
1. Come now, and lis - ten to my tale of woe, Of Rom - e - o and Ju - li - et,
2. I am the he - ro of this lit - tle tale, I'm Rom - e - o, I'm Rom - e - o,
3. I am the he - roine of this tale of woe, I'm Ju - li - et, I'm Ju - li - et,
4. This of my tale is the short and the long Of Rom - e - o and Ju - li - et,



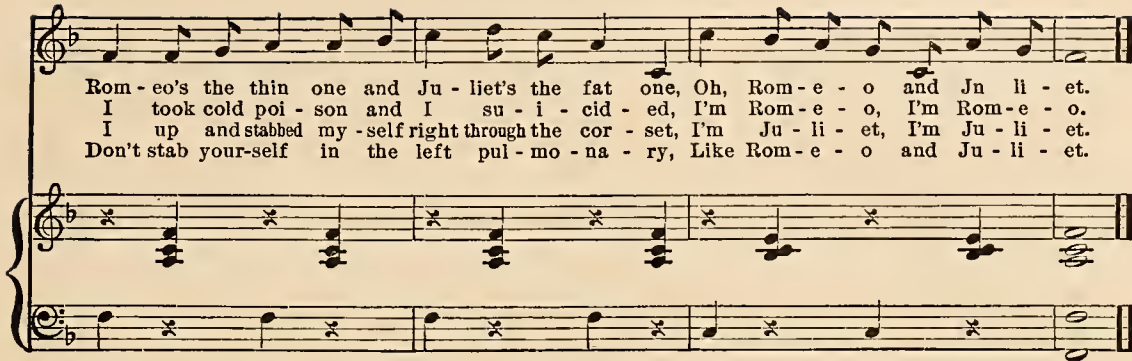
Cribbed out of Shakespeare and reek - ing with woe, Oh, Rom - e - o and Ju - li - et;
 I am that ver - y sus - cep - ti - ble male, I'm Rom - e - o, I'm Rom - e - o;
 I am the la - dy who "mashed" Rom - e - o, I'm Ju - li - et, I'm Ju - li - et;
 This is the mor - al of my lit - tle song Of Rom - e - o and Ju - li - et;



Nev - er was sto - ry so mourn - ful as that one, If you have tears now pre - pare to get at one,
 Ne'er did a lov - er dare do as I did, When his best girl to e - ter - ni - ty slid - ed,
 Locked in the pris - on, no pick - axe to force it, Nas - ty old hole, scarce room to stand or sit,
 Lov - ers, I warn you, al - ways be wa - ry, Don't buy your driuks of an a - poth - e - ca - ry,



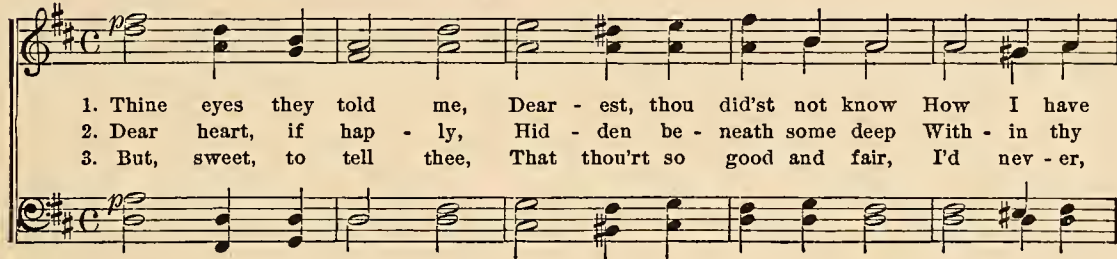
ROMEO AND JULIET.



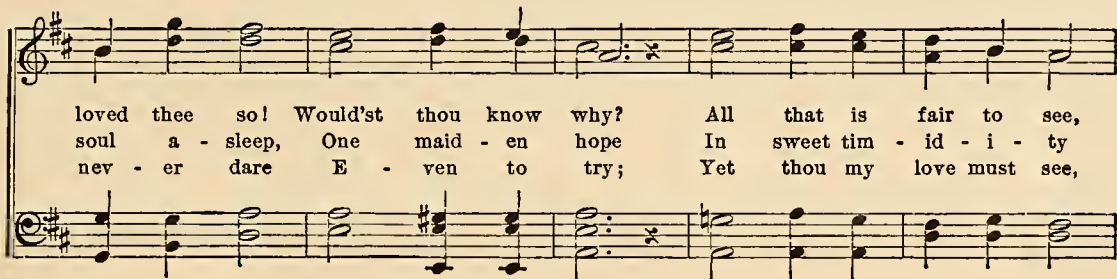
Rom - eo's the thin one and Ju - liet's the fat one, Oh, Rom - e - o and Ju li - et.
 I took cold poi - son and I su - i - cid - ed, I'm Rom - e - o, I'm Rom - e - o.
 I up and stabbed my - self right through the cor - set, I'm Ju - li - et, I'm Ju - li - et.
 Don't stab your-self in the left pul - mo - na - ry, Like Rom - e - o and Ju - li - et.

HOW I HAVE LOVED THEE.

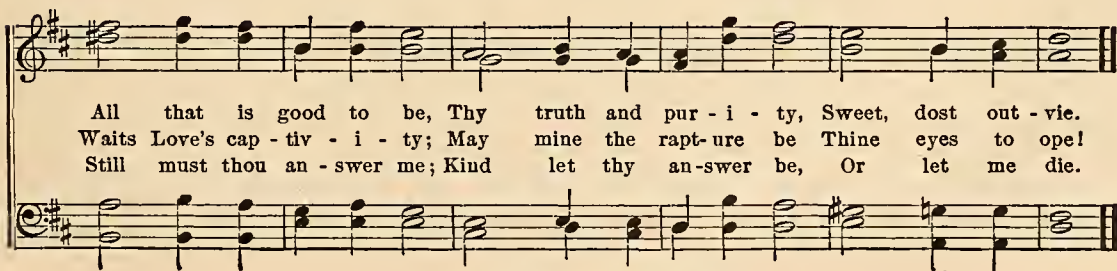
Words by Frank Julian Price.
 Words of 2d verse by Arthur Rogers.



1. Thine eyes they told me, Dear - est, thou did'st not know How I have
 2. Dear heart, if hap - ly, Hid - den be - neath some deep With - in thy
 3. But, sweet, to tell thee, That thou'rt so good and fair, I'd nev - er,



loved thee so! Would'st thou know why? All that is fair to see,
 soul a - sleep, One maid - en hope In sweet tim - id - i - ty
 nev - er dare E - ven to try; Yet thou my love must see,



All that is good to be, Thy truth and pur - i - ty, Sweet, dost out - vie.
 Waits Love's cap - tiv - i - ty; May mine the rapt - ure be Thine eyes to opel
 Still must thou an - swer me; Kind let thy an - swer be, Or let me die.

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A UNIVERSITY HYMN.

(FOR VOICES IN UNISON WITH ACCOMPANIMENT.)

Words by Thomas Wistar.

Air, "Adeste Fideles."
Adapted by Edward G. McCollin.

UNISON.

1. Our Fa - ther in Heav - en, Cre - a - tor of all, . . O source of all
 2. But vain our in - struc - tion And blind we must be, . . Un - less with our
 3. From pride and pre - sump - tion, O! Lord keep us free, . And make our hearts
 4. Our fair Al - ma Ma - ter, O! strength - en her days, . To send forth for -

wis - dom, On Thee would we call; Thou on - ly canst teach us, And
 learn - ing Be knowl - edge of Thee; Then pour forth Thy spir - it, And
 hum - ble, And loy - al to Thee; That liv - ing or dy - ing, In
 ev - er True sons to her praise; O wid - en her bor - ders, Ex -

show us our need . . And give to Thy chil - dren, And give to Thy
 o - pen our eyes . . And fill with the knowl - edge, And fill with the
 Thee we may rest, . . And prove to the scorn - ful, And prove to the
 tend her fair fame, . . And let all the glo - ry, And let all the

A UNIVERSITY HYMN.

chil - dren, And give to Thy chil - dren, True knowl - edge in - deed.
 knowl - edge, And fill with the knowl - edge, That on - ly makes wise.
 scorn - ful, And prove to the scorn - ful, Thy stat - utes are best.
 glo - ry, And let all the glo - ry Re - dound to Thy name.

ALUMNI SONG.

Words by L. Davis.

Air, "Auld Lang Syne."

Andante.

1. O Hav - er - ford, to us so dear, To thee we turn with love, Thy vine-clad walls, thy
 2. Where e're we go on life's long road, What e'er the foes we meet, Our live was thine for
 3. For who that knows the Scar-let and Black Can e'er for - get the thrill Our col - lege col - ors

CHORUS.

might - y trees, Thy skies so bright a - bove. To Hav - er-ford so dear to us, Those
 four short years, The thought is bit - ter - sweet.
 brought to us, — God keep them from all ill.

days which ne'er come back, We'll sing once more a part - ing song, 'Neath the Scar - let and the Black.

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GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!

f Sostenuto.

1. Good - night, la - dies! . . good - night, la - dies! . . Good - night,
 2. Fare - well, la - dies! . . fare - well, la - dies! . . Fare - well,
 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! . . sweet dreams, la - dies! . . Sweet dreams,

f

Allegro.

la - dies! We're going to leave you now. . . Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,

Repeat. pp

roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

OLD COLLEGE CHUM.

Words by Lloyd Adams.

Arranged for Male Voices.

1. Old col - lege chum, dear col - lege chum, The days may come, the days may go; But
 2. Thro' youth, thro'prime, and when the days Of har - vest time, to us shall come, Thro'

cres. *p* *ril.*

still my heart to mem - 'ry clings, To those col - lege days of long a - go.
 all we'll bear the mem - 'ries dear, Of those gold - en days, old col - lege chum.

cres. *p* *ril.*

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OVER THE BANISTER.

BARTONE SOLO.

1. O - ver the ban - is - ter leans a face, Ten - der - ly sweet and be -
 2. No - bod - y, on - ly those eyes of brown, Ten - der and full of
 3. Holds her fin - gers and draws her down, Sud - den - ly grow - ing

CHORUS.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la,

guil - - ing, While be - low her with ten - der grace, He
 mean - - ing, Gaze on the lov - li - est face in town,
 bold - - er, Till her love - ly hair lets its mass - es down Like a

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

watches the pic - ture smil - - ing. The light burns dlm in the
 O - ver the ban - is - ter lean - - ing. Tim - id and tired, with
 man - tle o - ver his shoul - - der. A ques - tion asked, a

la, la, la, la, la, . . . la, la, la, la, la, la,
 la, la, la, . . . la, la, la, la, la, la,
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OVER THE BANISTER.

hall be - low, No - bod - y sees them stand - ing,
 down - cast eyes, I won - der why she lin - - gers,
 swift ca - ress, She has fled like a bird from the stair - - way, But

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

la, la, la, la, la, la,

Say - ing good-night a - gain soft and low, Half - way up to the land - ing.
 Af - ter all the good-nights are said? Some-bod - y holds her fin - gers!
 o - ver the ban - is - ter comes a "yes," That brightens the world for him al - way.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

SERENADE.

Dolce. p

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
 2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steep, Sink, sink in

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
 sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

rall. p

Words of 4th verse by Arthur Thomas.

SOLO.



m.f.

- CHORUS.

vie, Eau de vie; When I walk in the park, all my friends they re - mark, "Com -
li, tres jo - li; When I ride out each day in my lit - tle con - pé, I
ease, at my ease; I . . go to her père, and de-mand for my own, The
erre, O çi-çi! On the Bou-le-vard gay when I take a short spiel, The

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la,

CHORUS.

ment ce va mon cher a-mi." . . . But I care . . not what oth-ers may say, I love my
tell you I'm something to see. . . .
hand of my sweet Ro - sa - lie. . . .
girls are all "on - to" my au-to-mobile!

la, la, la, la, la, la. But I care . . not what oth-ers may say, I love my
la, la, la, la, la, la.

Ro - sa - lie; . . Pret-ty Rose, charm-ing Rose, . I'm in love with my Ro - sa - lie. .

Ro - sa - lie; . . Pret-ty Rose, charming Rose, . . I'm in lovewith my Ro - sa - lie. . .

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SWEET AND LOW.

Alfred Tennyson.

J. Barnby.

Larghetto.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . Rest, rest on

O - ver the roll - ing his
Fa - ther will come to his
breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . O - - ver the
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . Fa - - ther will
O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails all out of the west,
wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon . . and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,
wa - ters go, Come . . . from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails out of the west,

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

By permission.

THE PROF.

Words of 1st verse by Arthur Nash.

Words of 2d and 3d verses by W. B. Olds.

f

1. The Prof. he leads a charm - ed life, charm - ed life, He

f

cher - ish - es a darl - ing wife, darl - ing wife; With ba - by coo - ing on his

With ba - by coo - ing

coo - ing on his

on his knee,

knee, His pa - pa's oot - sy dink - y dee. I swear, in

on his knee,

knee,

With ba - by coo - ing on his knee,

all sin - cer - i - ty, . . . I would a wise Pro - fes - sor be.

With ba - by coo - ing on his knee,

coo - ing on his knee,

2 The Senior better pleases me,
His life is full of jollity;
His girls are many as he will,
I fain a Senior's gown would fill.

3 So when my sweetheart kisses me,
I then would a Professor be;
But when I take the girls to ride
I then a Senior would abide.

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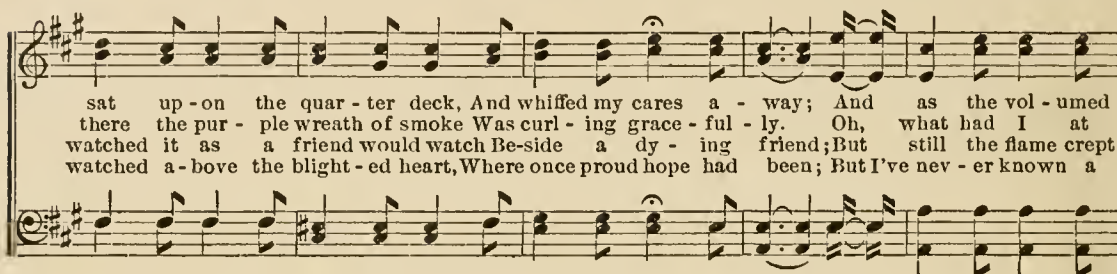
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MY LAST CIGAR.

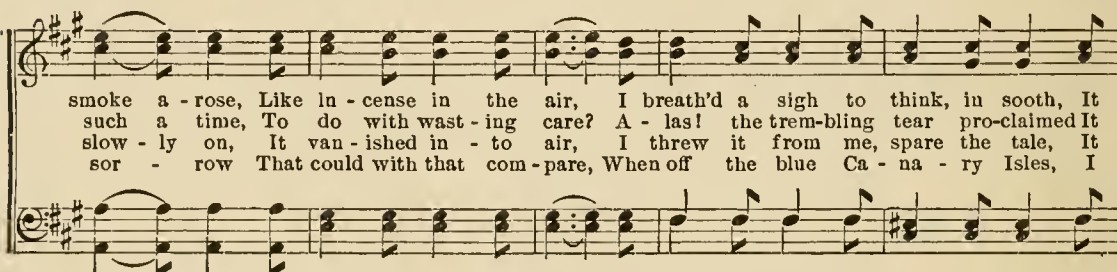
QUARTET.



1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, A glo - rious sum - mer day, . I
 2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter rail, And looked down in the sea, . E'en
 3. I watched the ash - cs as it came Fast draw - ing to the end; . I
 4. I've seen the land of all I love Fade in the dis - tance dim, . I've

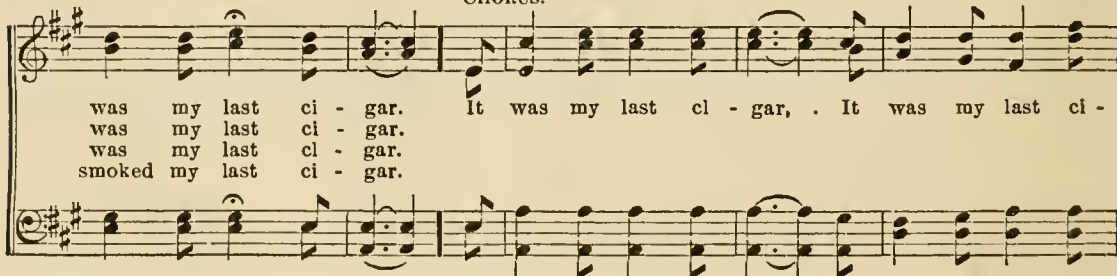


sat up - on the quar - ter deck, And whiffed my cares a - way; And as the vol - umed
 there the pur - ple wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace - ful - ly. Oh, what had I at
 watched it as a friend would watch Be - side a dy - ing friend; But still the flame crept
 watched a - bove the blight - ed heart, Where once proud hope had been; But I've nev - er known a

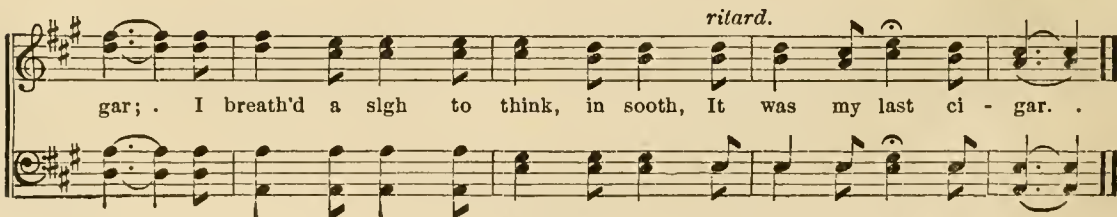


smoke a - rose, Like lu - cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It
 such a time, To do with wast - ing care? A - las! the trem - bling tear pro - claimed It
 slow - ly on, It van - ished in - to air, I threw it from me, spare the tale, It
 sor - row That could with that com - pare, When off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, I

CHORUS.



was my last ci - gar. It was my last ci - gar, . It was my last ci -
 was my last ci - gar.
 was my last ci - gar.
 smoked my last ci - gar.



gar; . I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar. .

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DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Words by Ben Jonson.

Old English Air.

mp

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine, . .
 2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon - 'ring thee, . . .

mp

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; . . . The
 As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - ered be; . . . But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine, . .
 thou there - on did'st on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me, . .

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine. . .
 Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it - self, but thee. . .

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a single melodic line with a treble clef, key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand in a treble clef and the left hand in a bass clef, both with a key signature of two flats and a 6/8 time signature. The score is divided into four systems, each corresponding to a stanza of the poem. The first system includes two verses of the poem. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The tempo/mood is indicated by 'mp' (mezzo-piano) at the beginning of the first system.

UPIDEE.

Words by Clarence Arthur.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO.

1. A new semi-nole has a-light-ed in town, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, In an
 2. Her hair is red and her oc - u - lars green, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, And her
 3. Her voice is clear as a soar - ing lark's, U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, And her

CHORUS. SOLO.

up - to - dat - est tai - lor-madegown, U - pi - dee - i - da. The boys are wild, and
 age is just that too - too sweet'steen, U - pi - dee - i - da. Her waist is small, her
 wit is like those trol - ley - car sparks, U - pi - dee - i - da. When 'cross a mud - dy

CHORUS.

prex is, too, You nev - er heard such a hul - la - ba - loo. U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da,
 foot is, too, She's hoo - doed me, and she'll hoo - doo you!
 street she flits The boys all have con - nip - tion flits.

U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, U - pi - dee - l - dee - i - da, U - pi - dee - l -

tr.....

da, r-r-r-r-r Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, . . U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da,
 tr.....

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UPIDEE.

U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da, U - pi - dee - i - da.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4 She's not a prude, nor a little too-too,
 Though she looks as if she knew a thing or two;
 She makes us all hop, skip, and jump,
 With our hearts all going thump-ity-thump.</p> | <p>5 There's never a charm this maid has not,
 She's the cross of our "T's," of our "I's" the dot;
 To sing her praises more is—well
 The tin-tin-ab-u-lation of a belle.</p> |
|---|---|

MY BONNIE.

1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
 2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . . Last night as I lay on my
 3. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . . And blow, ye winds, o - ver the
 4. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . . The winds have blown o - ver the

sea; My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . Oh, bring back my
 bed; Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . . I dreamt that my
 sea; Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . . And bring back my
 sea; The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . . And bro't back my

CHORUS.

Bon - nie to me.
 Bon - nie was dead. Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to
 Bon - nie to me.
 Bon - nie to me.

me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me. . .

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.

Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.

SOLO.

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the mead-ow, the hill, and the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark - y may

gay; The corn - tops ripe and the mead - ows in the bloom, While the
 shore; They sing no more by the glim - mer of the moon, On the
 go; A few more days and the trou - ble all will end, In the

birds make mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All
 bench by the old cab-in door; The day goes by like a sha-dow o'er the heart, With
 fields where the su-gar-canes grow; A few more days for to tote the hea-vy load, No

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MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, By'n-by "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at the door, Then my
 sor-row where all was de-light, The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my
 mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A few more days will we tot-ter on the road, Then my

The first system of the musical score for 'My Old Kentucky Home'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

CHORUS.

old Kentuck-y home, good-night. Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to-day; We will

The chorus section of the musical score. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues the melody from the first system.

sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a-way.

The final system of the musical score. It includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with a final chord.

LAURIGER HORATIUS.

p

1. Lau - ri - ger Ho - ra - ti - us, Quam dix - is - ti ve - rum, Fu - git Eu - ro
 2. Cres - cit u - va mol - li - ter, Et pu - el - la cres - cit, Sed po - e - ta
 3. Quid ju - vat æ - ter - ni - tas No - mi - nis; a - ma - re Ni - si ter - ræ

p

cres. *f* CHORUS.

ci - ti - us, Tem - pus e - dax re - rum. U - bi sunt, O, poc - u - la,
 tur - pi - ter, Si - ti - ens ca - nes - cit.
 fi - li - as Li - cet, et po - ta - re!

cres. *f*

dim. *pp*

Dul - ci - o - ra mel - le, Rix - æ, pax et os - cu - la, Ru - ben - tis pu - el - læ.

dim. *pp*

SUCKING CIDER THROUGH A STRAW.

1. The pret - ti - est girl I ev - er saw Was suck - ing ci - der thro' a straw, The

pret - ti - est girl that ev - er I saw Was suck - ing ci - der thro' a straw.

2 Said I to her, "My dear, what for
 Do you suck cider through a straw?"
 Said she to me, "Why, don't you know
 That sucking cider's all the go?"

3 Then cheek to cheek and jaw to jaw,
 We both sucked cider through a straw.
 And if by chance the straw did slip,
 I kissed sweet cider from her lip.

FORSAKEN.

English version by Mrs. G. Federlein.

Koschat.

pp *Slow.*

1. My love hath now left me, a - lone do I sigh, As a stone by the
2. Sweet flow - ers are bloom - ing all o - ver her grave, But the life of my

way - side neg - lect - ed doth lie; . I go to the grave - yard, for
darl - ing my love could not save; . . All hope is now bur - ied, 'tis

there she doth sleep, My heart it is bro - ken, in sor - row I
dark ev - 'ry - where, A - lone in my sor - row, her rest I would

weep; My heart it is bro - ken, in sor - row I weep.
share; A - lone in my sor - row, her rest I would share.

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JINGLE, BELLS.

Allegro. mf



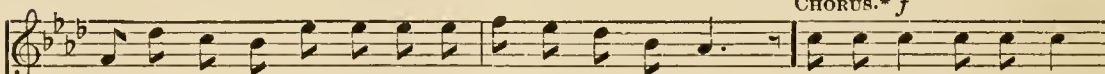
1. Dash-ing thro'the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh; O'er the fields we go,
2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride; And soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was
3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young; Take the girls to-night, And



Langh-ing all the way; Bells on bob-tail ring, Ma-king spir-its bright; What
seat-ed by my side. The horse was lean and lank; Mis-for-tune seem'd his lot; He
sing this sleighing song. Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two-for-ty for his speed; Then



CHORUS.* *f*



fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to-night! Jin-gle, bells! jin-gle, bells!
got in-to a drift-ed bank, And we, we got up-sot.
hitch him to an o-pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.



* Accompanied by jingling glasses

JINGLE, BELLS.

Jin-gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o-pen sleigh!

Jingle, bells! jingle, bells! Jingle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh!

WE CAN PLAY-O.

Words by Elliot Field, '97.

Arranged by J. H. Redfield, '99.

1. Al - ma Ma - ter, Al - ma Ma - ter, We can play - o, We can play - o, We can
 2. Al - ma Ma - ter, Al - ma Ma - ter, We can play - o, We can play - o, We can
 3. Al - ma Ma - ter, Al - ma Ma - ter, We can play - o, We can play - o, We can
 4. Al - ma Ma - ter, Al - ma Ma - ter, We can sing - o, We can sing - o, We can

play a foot - ball game - o, Yo, yo, yo, a foot - ball game - o.
 play a crick - et game - o, Yo, yo, yo, a crick - et game - o.
 play a man - do - lin - o, Yo, yo, yo, a man - do - lin - o.
 sing a good old song - o, Yo, yo, yo, for Hav - er - ford - o.

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THE BULL-DOG.

Moderato.
SOLO.

1. Oh! the hull-dog on the bank! Oh! the

Solo. 2D BASS.

And the bull-frog in the pool;

CHORUS. *Piu Allegro.*

bull-dog on the bank: Oh! the bull-dog on the

ritard, allacca il cho.

And the bull-frog in the pool;

bank, And the hull-frog in the pool. The hull-dog call'd the bull-frog A green old wa-ter fool.

CHOR

Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, . . . Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, . . . Singing

Repeat pp.

tra, la, la, Sing-ing tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la.

tra, la, la.

2 Oh! the hull-dog stooped to catch him,
And the snapper caught his paw;
The pollywog died a laughing
To see him wag his jaw.—CHO.

3 Says the monkey to the owl,
"Oh, what'll you have to drink?"

"Since you are so very kind,
I'll take a hottle of ink."—CHO.

4 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank;
Little Moses in the pool;
She fished him out with a ten-foot pole
And sent him off to school.—CHO.

JUANITA.

Arranged by C. Linn Seiler, '02.

Andante.
mf

1. Soft o'er the foun - tain, Lin - g'ring falls the south - ern moon, Far o'er the
2. When in thy dream - ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day - light

mf

moun - tain Breaks the day too soon. In thy dark eyes' splen - dor,
beam - ing, Prove thy dreams are vain. Wilt thou, not re - lent - ing,

Where the warm light loves to dwell, Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der,
For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh, In thy heart con - sent - ing

p slower. *mf in time.* *3*

Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Ask thy soul if
To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Let me lin - ger

p *mf*

3 *p tenderly. rit.*

we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride.

p

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HARK! I HEAR A VOICE.

Allegro.

Hark! I hear a voice, Way up in the moun - tain top, tip - top, De -

scend - ing down be - low, De - scend - ing down be - low, . . . low.

CHORUS.

Let us all u - nite in love, Trust - ing

in The pow'rs a - bove. Mer - ri - ly now we

Trust - ing in the pow'rs a - bove.

roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, Mer - ri - ly now we

HARK! I HEAR A VOICE.

roll, we roll, O'er . . . the deep . . . blue . . . sea. . .

OLD BLACK JOE.

Stephen C. Foster.
Arranged by J. H. Redfield, '99.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free, The chil - dren so dear, that I

cot - ton fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know, I
friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go? I
held up - on my knee; Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go, I

CHORUS.

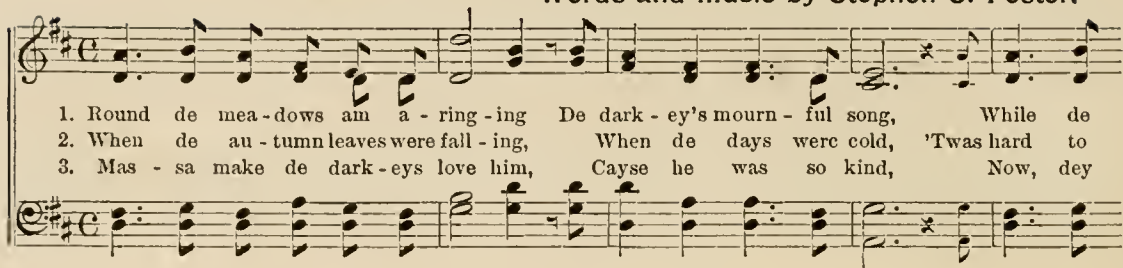
hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe." I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my

head is bend - ing low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."

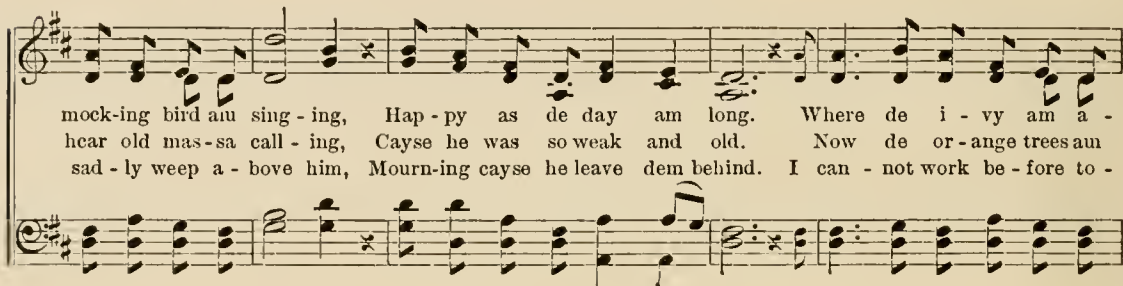
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MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

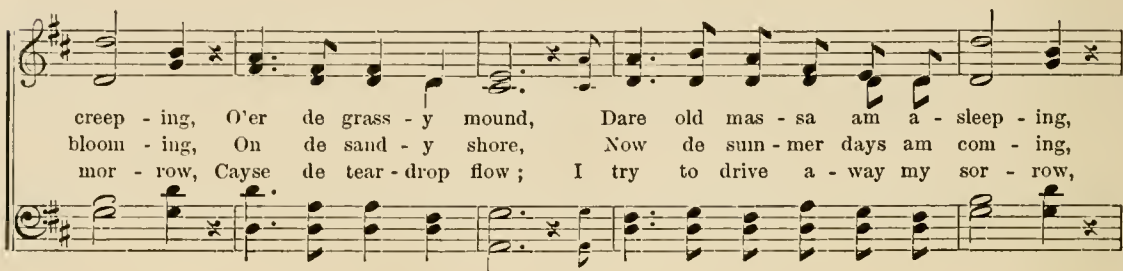
Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.



1. Round de mea-dows am a - ring - ing De dark - ey's mourn - ful song, While de
2. When de au - tumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to
3. Mas - sa make de dark - eys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now, dey

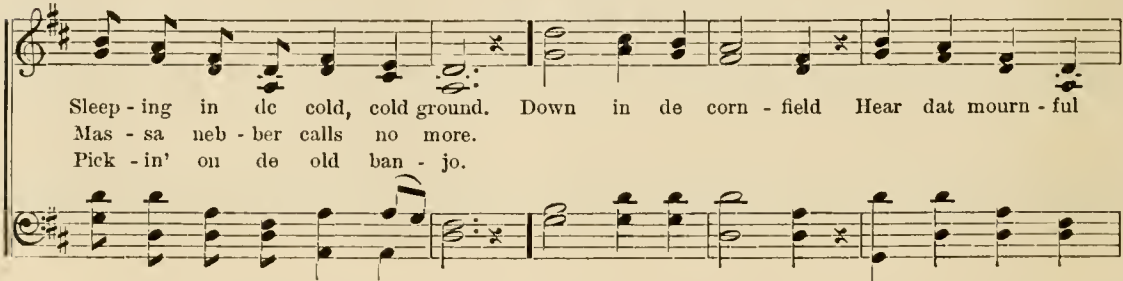


mock - ing bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a -
hear old mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or - ange trees am
sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourn - ing cayse he leave dem behind. I can - not work be - fore to -

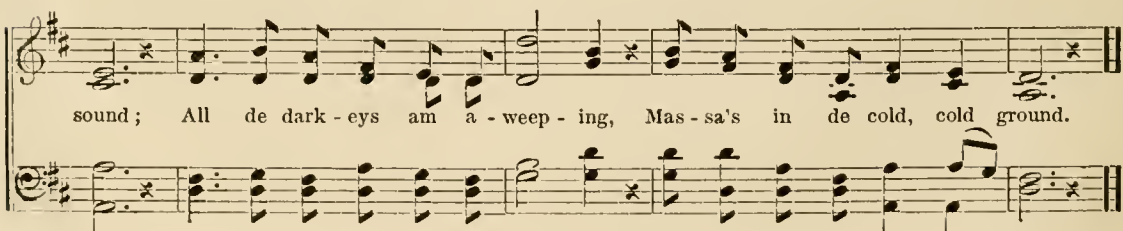


creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound, Dare old mas - sa am a - sleep - ing,
bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore, Now de sun - mer days am com - ing,
mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow; I try to drive a - way my sor - row,

CHORUS.



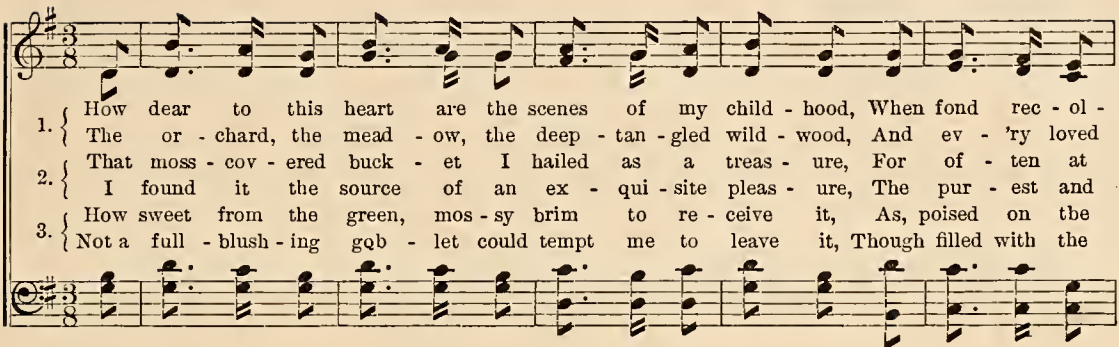
Sleep - ing in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn - field Hear dat mourn - ful
Mas - sa neb - ber calls no more.
Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.



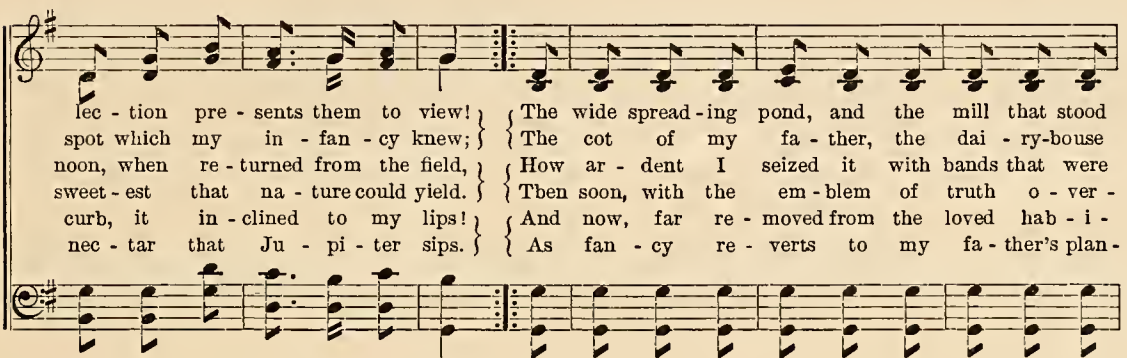
sound; All de dark - eys am a - weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

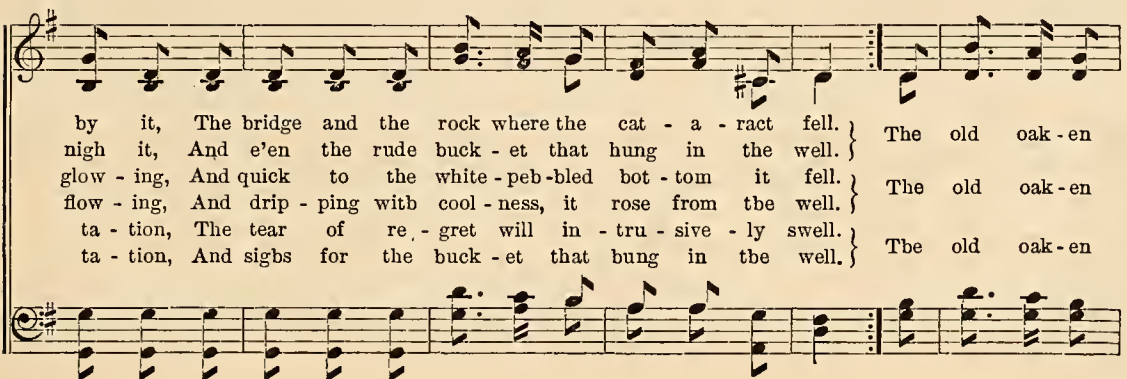
Samuel Woodworth.



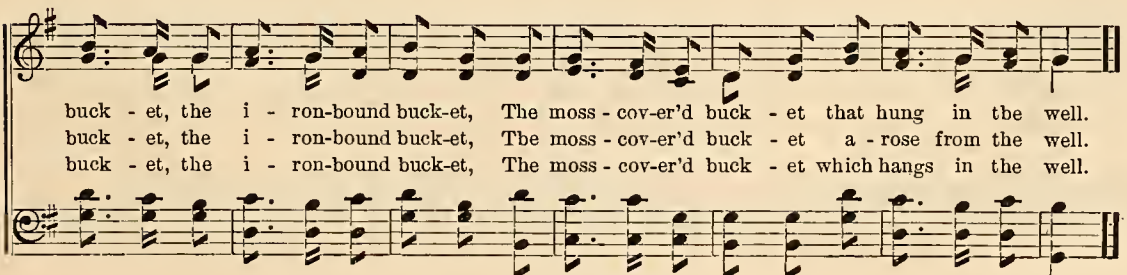
1. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child - hood, When fond rec - ol -
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan - gled wild - wood, And ev - 'ry loved
2. { That moss - cov - ered buck - et I hailed as a treas - ure, For of - ten at
I found it the source of an ex - qui - site pleas - ure, The pur - est and
3. { How sweet from the green, mos - sy brim to re - ceive it, As, poised on the
Not a full - blush - ing gob - let could tempt me to leave it, Though filled with the



lec - tion pre - sents them to view! { The wide spread - ing pond, and the mill that stood
spot which my in - fan - cy knew; } { The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry - bouse
noon, when re - turned from the field, } { How ar - dent I seized it with bands that were
sweet - est that na - ture could yield. } { Then soon, with the em - blem of truth o - ver -
curb, it in - clined to my lips! } { And now, far re - moved from the loved hab - i -
nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. } { As fan - cy re - verts to my fa - ther's plan -



by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell. } The old oak - en
nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. } The old oak - en
glow - ing, And quick to the white - peb - bled bot - tom it fell. } The old oak - en
flow - ing, And drip - ping with cool - ness, it rose from the well. } The old oak - en
ta - tion, The tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell. } The old oak - en
ta - tion, And sighs for the buck - et that bung in the well. }



buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck-et, The moss - cov - er'd buck - et that hung in the well.
buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck-et, The moss - cov - er'd buck - et a - rose from the well.
buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck-et, The moss - cov - er'd buck - et which hangs in the well.

LEVEE SONG.

Arranged.

QUARTET.

I'm wuk-kin' on de le-vee;

SOLO.

1. I once did know a girl named Grace—

SOLO.

She done brung me to dis

QUARTET.

O' wuk-kin' on de le-vee.

CHORUS.

I been wuk-kin' on de rail - road

sad dis-grace

All de live-long day; I been wuk-kin' on de rail - road Ter pass de time a - way.

Doan' yuh hyah de whis - tle blow - in? Rise up so uh - ly in de mawn;

FINE.

Doan' yuh hyah de cap - 'n shout - in, "Di - nah, blow yo' hawn?"

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LEVEE SONG.

SOLO.

2. Sing a song o' the cit - y; . . . Roll dat cot - ton bale; . . .

p HUMMING CHORUS.

Nig - gah ain' haif so hap - py . . . As when he's out o' jail.

Nor - folk foh it's oy - stah - shells, Bos - ton foh it's beans; . . .

D.S. Chorus.

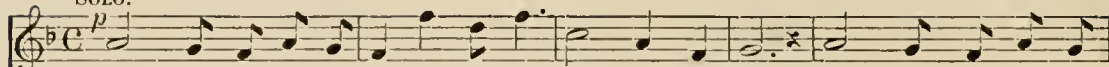
Char - les - ton foh it's rice an' cawn, But foh nig - gahs— New - Aw - leans.

SWANEE RIVER.

Melody by S. C. Foster.

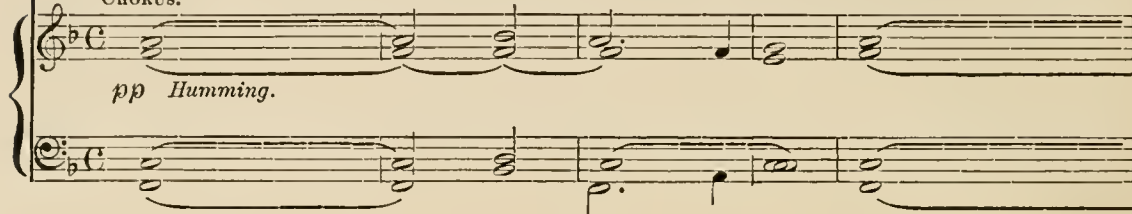
Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.

SOLO.



1. Way down up-on the Swa-nee Riv-er, Far, far a-way, There's where my heart is
2. One lit-tle hut a-mong the bush-es, One that I love, Still sad-ly to my

CHORUS.



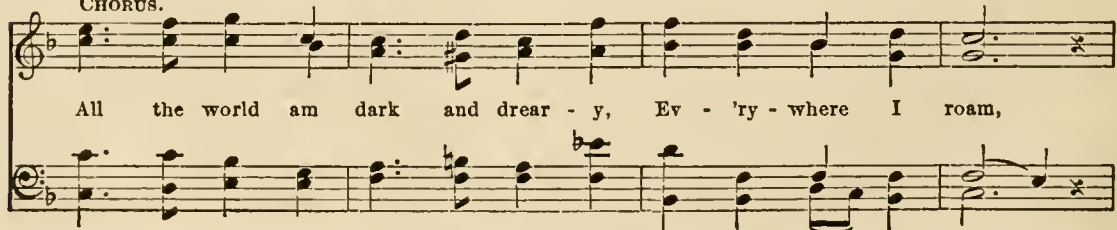
turn-ing ev-er, There's where the old folks stay; All up and down the
mem-'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove. When shall I see the



whole cre-ation, Sad-ly I roam, Still long-ing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.
bees a-humming, All round the comb? When shall I hear the ban-jo thrumming, Down in my good old home?



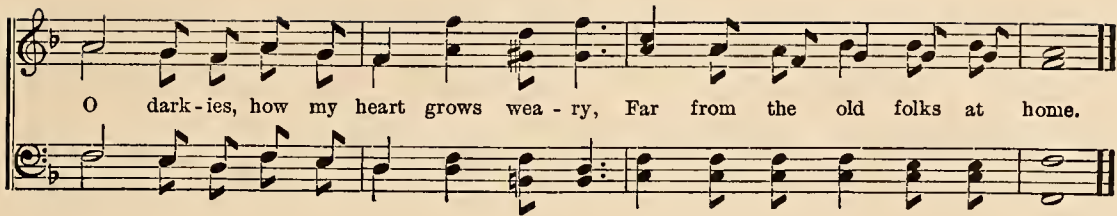
CHORUS.



All the world am dark and drear-y, Ev-'ry-where I roam,

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SWANEE RIVER.



O dark-ies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from the old folks at home.

NUT BROWN MAIDEN.

Moderato.



mf

1. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maid-en, Thou
 2. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a ru-by lip to kiss, Nut brown maid-en, Thou
 3. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a slen-der waist to clasp, Nut brown maid-en, Thou
 4. Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast such pearl-y, pearl-y teeth, Nut brown maid-en, Thou

mf

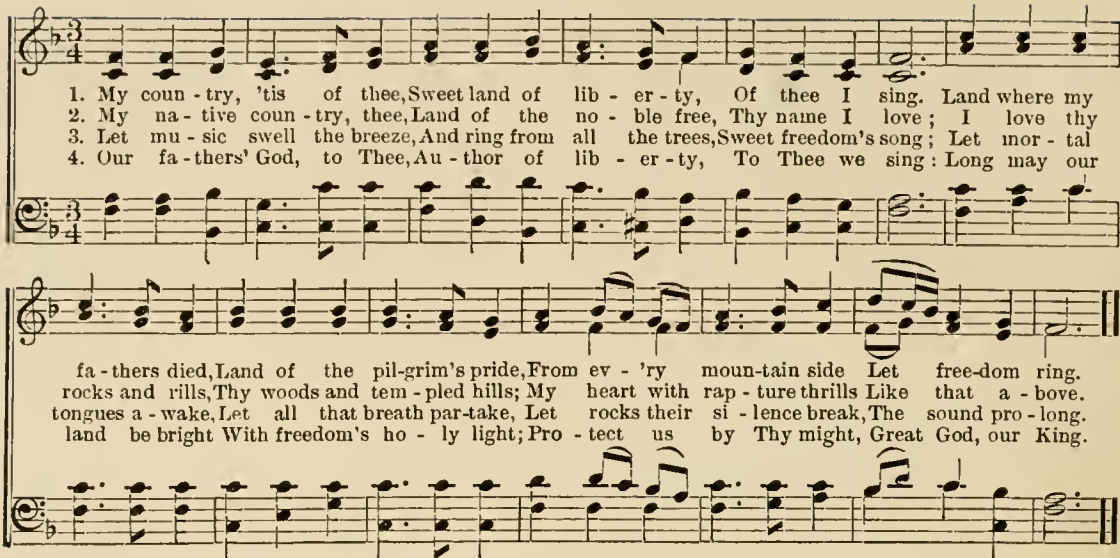
hast a bright blue eye; A bright blue eye is thine, love! The
 hast a ru-by lip; A ru-by lip is thine, love! The
 hast a slen-der waist; A slen-der waist is thine, love! The
 hast such pearl-y teeth; The pearl-y teeth are false, love! They

glance in it is mine, love! Nut brown maid-en, Thou
 kiss-ing of it's mine, love! Nut brown maid-en, Thou
 arm a-round it's mine, love! Nut brown maid-en, Thou
 rat-tle when you waltz, love! Nut brown maid-en, Thou

hast a bright blue eye for love, Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a bright blue eye.
 hast a ru-by lip to kiss, Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a ru-by lip.
 hast a slen-der waist to clasp, Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast a slen-der waist.
 hast such pearl-y, pearl-y teeth, Nut brown maid-en, Thou hast such pearl-y teeth.

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AMERICA.

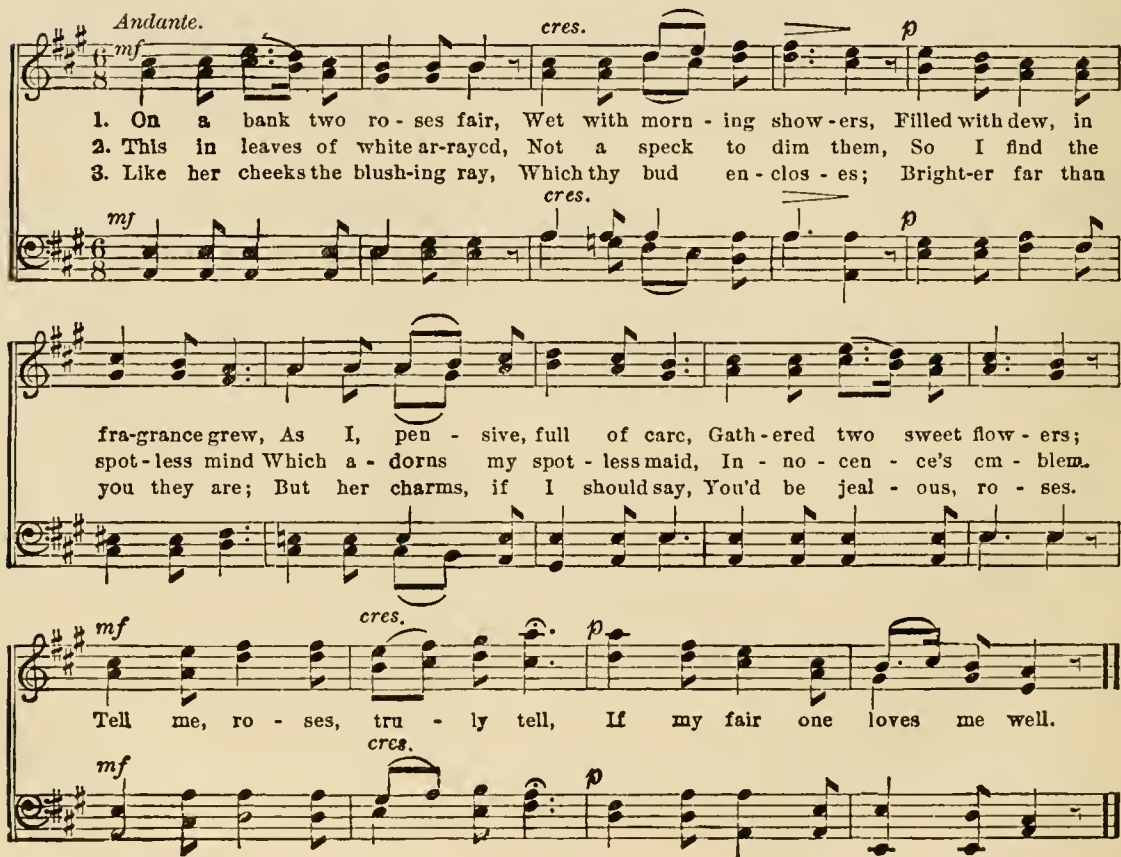


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing. Land where my
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues a - wake, Let all that breath par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

THE TWO ROSES.

Werner.



Andante. *cres.* *p*
 1. On a bank two ro - ses fair, Wet with morn - ing show - ers, Filled with dew, in
 2. This in leaves of white ar - rayed, Not a speck to dim them, So I find the
 3. Like her cheeks the blush - ing ray, Which thy bud en - clos - es; Bright - er far than
cres. *p*

mf
 fra - grance grew, As I, pen - sive, full of care, Gath - ered two sweet flow - ers;
 spot - less mind Which a - dorns my spot - less maid, In - no - cen - ce's cm - blem.
 you they are; But her charms, if I should say, You'd be jeal - ous, ro - ses.

mf *cres.* *p*
 Tell me, ro - ses, tru - ly tell, If my fair one loves me well.
cres. *p*

GEMS FROM COLLEGE OPERAS

THE SATRAP.

Book and Music by J. Howard Redfield, '99.

Produced by the Class of 1901, April, 1899.

1. CRICKET CHORUS.
 2. PROFESSOR J. ELIAKIM HENRY WALKER.
-

THE GREAT T. T. T. ROBBERY.

Book and Music by C. Linn Seiler, '02.

Produced by the Haverford College Musical Association, May, 1902.

1. FAIRY TALES.
 2. THE HAVERFORD GIRL.
-

YE HAVERFORD BANDIT.

Book and Music by C. Linn Seiler, '02.

Produced by the Haverford College Musical Association, May, 1902.

1. OLD FOUNDER'S BELL.
2. THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS.

CRICKET CHORUS.

Words and music by J. Howard Redfield, '99.

mf

1. Come fill your glasses full and give a cheer, We'll
 2. long content with mak-ing Penn.submit, And

sf f mf mf

sing to Hav - er - ford, to us so dear. A toast to her as we drink down the wine so clear, Long
 low - er - ing fair Harvard's pride a bit, We've sought to spread our fame and car - ry it In - to the

live the Scar - let and the Black! We've served her tru - ly on the foot - ball ground, In
 king - doms of the dis - tant east. We've bowled the wick - ets of the haugh - ty Greek, We

cres

hock - ey we have made her name re - sound; And we have al - ways, as in
 won a vic - t'ry on the Nile last week, And here at Nin - e - vah we

cres

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CRICKET CHORUS.

cen - - - *do.* *f* *pp*

du - ty bound, Up - held her hon - or on the track. But we think you will all ac -
seek to beat them By a cen - tu - ry at least. So we think you will all ac -

cen - - - *do.* *f* *pp*

knowledge That crick - et al - ways Must take the lead A-mong the

mf *pp*

sports of our good old col - lege ; So give a cheer for our crick - et - ers, and

TENORS. *f* *ff*

may they succeed ! Yes, we think you will all ac - know - ledge That crick - et

BASSES. *f* *ff*

CRICKET CHORUS.

al - ways Must take the lead A - mong the sports of our

good old col - lege; So give a cheer for our

crick - et - ers, and may they suc - ceed ! 2. Not - ceed !

mf *f* *mf* *sf*

THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS.

Words and music by C. Linn Seiler, '02.

Slowly and dreamily.

1. When all the world has gone
2. Years make the man that was

rit. *softly.*

fast a - sleep, Sand-man has weight-ed my eyes down deep, Then comes my play - mate of
once a boy, Gone are the things he did once en - joy; Now in the real game of

night to tell All a - bout peo - ple from where she fell; Laugh - ing and talk - ing
love he strives, Try - ing his best for the gold - en prize; Walk - ing with her all

we will play Un - til the com - ing of the day, And tho' I've asked her,
through the day, Still in his dreams she comes to stay, Queen of the day and

rit. *rit.*

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FAIRY TALES.

Words and music by C. Linn Seiler, '02.

p

As shad-ows fal' mark-ing the time,

When all the work of the world is done, We hear the call, sweet as a chime

Bid-ding the guomes to their moon - light fun ; And then round the fire, whis - per - ing low We

tell each the oth - er the weird old tales Of the things . . . that no mor - tal hath seen, Of

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FAIRY TALES.

dan - - - ces on smooth mos - sy green. They guard . . . us in slum - ber I

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The lyrics are: "dan - - - ces on smooth mos - sy green. They guard . . . us in slum - ber I".

ween, These folk of the fair - y tales. Speak kind - ly a - bout these crea - tures so

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "ween, These folk of the fair - y tales. Speak kind - ly a - bout these crea - tures so".

wee, For they oft - en can help you and me.

The third system concludes the first part of the song. The lyrics are: "wee, For they oft - en can help you and me.".

Fair - y tales are the ones we love ev - er new, . . When they're told, His - to - ries of the

The fourth system is in 6/8 time and continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Fair - y tales are the ones we love ev - er new, . . When they're told, His - to - ries of the".

FAIRY TALES.

sprites a-bove we will oft - en un - fold. . . Tho' we know the fair - ies have gone to stay, Yet we

The first system of musical notation for 'FAIRY TALES.' It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'sprites a-bove we will oft - en un - fold. . . Tho' we know the fair - ies have gone to stay, Yet we'.

still . . lin-ger near . . To tell each oth-er the old, old fair - y sto - ries so dear. .

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'still . . lin-ger near . . To tell each oth-er the old, old fair - y sto - ries so dear. .'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melody.

Tho' we come in the pass - ing years from childhood fan-cies to thoughts more wise, Yet of all of the

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'Tho' we come in the pass - ing years from childhood fan-cies to thoughts more wise, Yet of all of the'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melody.

mem - o - ries That bring us back to the good old days, The mem - o - ries of these tales we prize.

The fourth system of musical notation, which is the final system on the page. The vocal line ends with the lyrics: 'mem - o - ries That bring us back to the good old days, The mem - o - ries of these tales we prize.' The piano accompaniment ends with the same melody. The system concludes with a double bar line and a 3/4 time signature.

FAIRY TALES.

Fair - y tales are the ones we love, ev - er new . . . When they're told, . . .

His - to - ries of the sprites a - bove we will of - - ten un - fold, . . . Tho' we

know the fair - ies have gone to stay, Yet we still . . . lin - ger near . . . To

tell each oth - er the old, old fair - y sto - - ries so dear. . . .

THE HAVERFORD GIRL.

Words and music by C. Linn Seiler, '02.

1. In the month of summer blooms the
2. morn till night, she's out for golf up-

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

Hav - er - ford girl, . . . With rac - quet in hand, all dressed in white She sets our
on the links, . . . With eye on the ball she "hol - lers" "fore" Her cad - dy im -

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern.

heads in a whirl; . . . Then gai - ly back and forth she flits with many a laugh, .
me - diate - ly shrinks; . . . Her card is filled with scores made up by masculine friends, .

The third system concludes the song. The vocal line ends with a final note, and the piano accompaniment provides a concluding cadence.

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THE HAVERFORD GIRL.

Oh ! this Haverford girl is a girl that is one and a half. From To the Haverford
 Who a-gree that her face with the landscape delightfully blends.

girl we'll loy - al be for-ev - er, A girl that's al - ways jol - ly, sweet, and
 cle - er ; May life be al - ways gay, May she re - main that way, That we her
 prais - es may al - ways sing to-geth - - er. To the Hav - er - ford - er.

1 2 CHORUS.

1 2

1 2

1 2

1 2

1 2

OLD FOUNDER'S BELL.

Words and music by C. Linn Seiler, '02.

PRES.

Ris - ing sweet-ly on the eve-ning air,

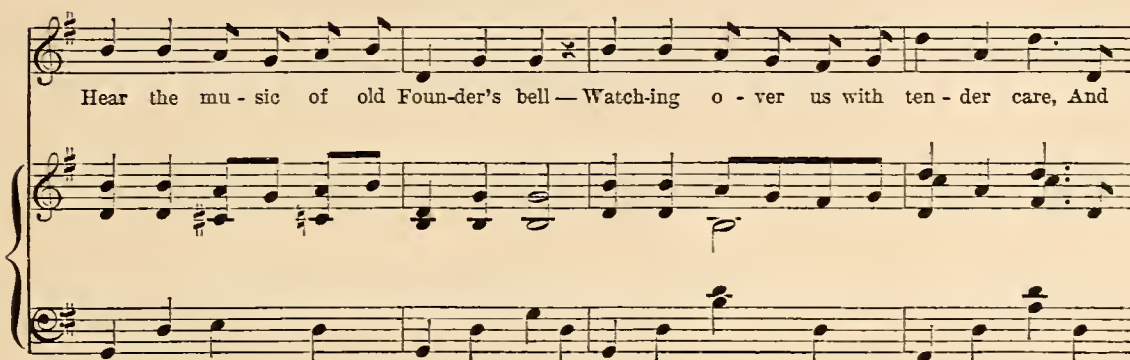
Moderato.

mf *rit.* *pp*

Ped.



Hear the mu - sic of old Foun-der's bell — Watch-ing o - ver us with ten - der care, And



JACK.

tell - ing us that all is well. And tho' some-times we stray be-yond the sight of books And

faster. *mf*



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OLD FOUNDER'S BELL.

seek to play in in - no - cent de - light, We hear those tones a -

The first system of the musical score for 'Old Founder's Bell'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are 'seek to play in in - no - cent de - light, We hear those tones a -'.

PRINCIPALS.

far and then with guil - ty looks Re - turn to work all night. All thro' the day it

a tempo.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'far and then with guil - ty looks Re - turn to work all night. All thro' the day it'. Above the vocal staff, the word 'PRINCIPALS.' is written. Below the piano staff, the instruction '*a tempo.*' is written.

bids us To work for the night is near. At broad day - light it a -

The third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'bids us To work for the night is near. At broad day - light it a -'.

wakes us from sleep, And re - minds us of work in a tone that we can - not but

The fourth system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'wakes us from sleep, And re - minds us of work in a tone that we can - not but'.

OLD FOUNDER'S BELL.

ACK AND PROFF. *mf*

hear. Hark to the mu-sic of old Foun-der's bell,

1ST TENORS. *m*

Lis-ten to the bell, Lis-ten to the bell, Hark to the mu-sic of old Foun-der's bell,

2D TENORS AND PRES. *mf*

hear. Lis-ten to the bell, Lis-ten to the bell, Hark to the mu-sic of old Foun-der's bell,

BASSES AND BOB. *mf*

hear. Lis-ten to the bell, Lis-ten to the bell, Hark to the mu-sic of old Foun-der's bell,

mf *pp* *mf*

Ris - ing sweet - ly on the ear, Hear the

Ris - ing sweet - ly on the eve - ning air, Hear the mu - sic of old

Ris - ing sweet - ly on the eve - ning air, Hear the mu - sic of old

Ris - ing sweet - ly on the eve - ning air, Hear the mu - sic of old

a tempo. *mf*

OLD FOUNDER'S BELL.

mu-sic of the bell, Watch - ing o - ver us with ten - der care, And tell - ing us that all is

Foun - der's bell, Watch - ing o - ver us with ten - der care, And tell - ing us that all is

Foun - der's bell, Watch - ing o - ver us with ten - der care, And tell - ing us that all is

Foun - der's bell, Watch - ing o - ver us with ten - der care, And tell - ing us that all is

The first system of the musical score for 'Old Founder's Bell'. It consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'mu-sic of the bell, Watch - ing o - ver us with ten - der care, And tell - ing us that all is'. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

well, that all is well, And tell - ing us that all is well.

well, And tell - ing, tell - ing us that all is well.

well, And tell - ing us that all is well.

well, And tell - ing us that all is well.

well, And tell - ing us that all is well.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: 'well, that all is well, And tell - ing us that all is well.' The piano accompaniment includes a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

PROFESSOR J. ELIAKIM HENRY WALKER.

Words and music by J. Howard Redfield, '99.

S. NITRATES.

1. He was on the Bryn Mawr fac-ul-ty, a
 2. "Your soph - o - mores from Haver-ford, your
 3. The fac - ul - ty got wind of it, and
 4. And oh ! that maid's distraction, when to

learn - ed man was he, A schol - ar er - u - dite who taught the
 fresh - man lads so slim, May do for you," she said, "but give me
 said 'twould nev - er do, Such things as that at Bryn . . Mawr ! and
 her the ti - dings came; The news it broke her heart, and nev - er -

girls phi - los - o - phy ; And one of them, a lass de-mure, a fresh-man cir-cumspect. Ah !
 my E - li - a - kim." What po - et could de - pict their love, th'af - fec - tion deep and true Of that
 with a fresh-man too ! So af - ter long dis - cus - sion, af - ter much de - bate and talk They
 more was she the same. She quick-ly pined a - way and died ; the inquest brought to light The

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PROFESSOR J. ELIAKIM HENRY WALKER.

Cu - pid's dart, she lost her heart to that man of in - tel - lect !
 nineteenth cen - t'ry Sol - o - mon, and that maid with eyes so blue !
 no - ti - fied Prof. Walk - er he could pack his things and walk.
 fact that she had died for love of that schol - ar er - u - dite.

Molto moderato.
 Oh, — you have no no - tion,
rall. *p*

of her in - tense de - vo - tion ; Said she, "O girls, now is - n't he just a cork - -

er?" Her lit - tle heart filled with yearn - ing, To - ward that man of

PROFESSOR J. ELIAKIM HENRY WALKER.

rit. *a tempo.*

learn - ing, Pro - fes - sor J. E - li - a - kim Hen - ry Walk - - -

rit. *p* *a tempo.*

HARRY, JOE and BABA.

er. Oh . . you have no no - tion of her in - tense de -

accel. *f*

vo - tion to Pro - fes - sor J. E - li - a - kim Hen - ry Walk - - er.

DANCE.

mf
Allegro

sostenuto.

D. S. Tempo 1.

CLASS SONGS.

SOME of these songs, particularly the earlier ones, were never officially adopted as strictly class songs, but were composed in a rollicking, off-hand style, and sung in like manner.

They represent, however, the general trend of class spirit.

'70.

Words by Chas. E. Pratt, '70.

Air, "Cocachelunk."

Fellows, come beneath the lindens,
Gather on the portico;
All heroic "Sons of Seventy,"
We'll be joyful as we go.
Come, for a song all care will scatter,
Nothing before shall cast a shade,
And it is all a "private" matter
Where we "go for lemonade."

Welcome first the "Christian Statesman,"
"Hundred 'n Sixty," good, "by dash!"
Like a crescent moon of promise
Can't you see his "white mustache?"
Here's the fellow that to fool us
Into a laugh, two hands can play;
Music and art are thine, "Iulus,"
"Bent to settle somewhere" some day

Yet another Baltimore oriole,
"Just" we call him for the nonce;
If he likes to wet his whistle,
"Honi soit qui mal y pense."
Ho for the grace for old Arcady's
"Pan" with pipe and reed! O, well
"Bard of Bards" for lads or ladies,
"Cir cum am bient," he can tell.

There's our fair haired "bashful young man,"
"Shoot him through the head," you say;—
"Mother," too, may fortune from us
"Never take that child away."
O the mercurial men of folly!
"Mercury," once our "Bright"—est boy;
Iowa maids have got our "Olly,"
Never mind what becomes of "Coy."

One to waste his sweetest blushes
All unseen, unheard, was born—
"Bud," we plucked from "Laura's" bosom—
"Wi," the "Rose without a thorn,"
Shaking his "sides," the "Reckless Tugger,"
"Stretches long arms" for "Lizzie A—,"
Huddle the chairs a little snugger,
While we sing for the glorious "WHa—."

"Low the poor Indian!" from the "quicksands,"
Well and nobly has he kept;
When he brought his cup to "Helicon,"
"Sixty feet the fountain leapt."
"Semi-dianual" once he taught us,
O'er his mustache a shade would fall—
"Lacrymis simun implebit obortis"—
"Yes are you?" cries the noble "Tholl."

Pride of all from happy Kisco,
Well the "modest man" can tell
How to make a jolly "special,"
"We all know and love so well."
"Susan" the "buggist," our peacemaker,
(Better she likes a piece of pie),
Never may waxen wings forsake her,
Borne "superbia" through the sky.

So we sing and so we gather,
"Jolly Juniors" while we may;
Stouter hearts and nerve intenser
Taking for the coming fray.
"Functions" and "curves" no more will swerve us,
"Tommy" nor "Jack" reduce our "ten,"
"Froggie" no more shall make us nervous,—
"Hika"—won't we be happy then!

'88.

Words by H. S. England, '88.

Air, "John Brown's Body."

We have nobly stood together since that well-remembered time,
When with confidence unshaken, and with impudence
We were gathered all at random, from out every zone
and clime
To form old Eighty-Eight.

CHORUS. Glory-glory, Hallelujah,
To form old Eighty-Eight.

We have led old Tommy Newlin fruitless chases in the
dark,
We've been interviewed by Isaac just for going on a lark,
And have taken from old Spottsy, too, a "zero for our
mark."
In good old Eighty-Eight. CHORUS.

We've enjoyed religious meetings, reading novels all by
stealth,
With the shining, plastic pasteboard we have often
risked our wealth,
And within the little Tavern Blue, we've pledged each
other's health,
And that of Eighty-Eight. CHORUS.

Though our enemies assail us, we will never yield a
bit,
And a foe to make us separate, has never yet seen fit,
For we stand a band of brothers, that has never known
a split,
In good old Eighty-Eight. CHORUS.

'89.

S. P. Ravenel, Jr., '89.

German Air.

1. { To Hav - er - ford dear, and all things here, All things here, Soon
In - to life, in - to life, we will plunge in the strife, Plunge in the strife, Class -

p *mf*

we will stran - gers be. } No more, no more, we can ne'er live o'er the
mates we'll no more be. }

hap - py days of youth. Fare - well, fare - well, our

lust - y yell, lust - y yell Thy halls will ne'er re - peat.

p *mf*

'90.

Words by Clark T. Cottrell, '90.

Air, "America." Page 76.

Beloved Haverford!
What joy thou didst afford,
Through all the past;
We loved thee at first sight,
We love thee more to-night,
Thy star still shines as bright.
Thy ties bind fast.

We've lived four years a life
Of love, unmixed with strife,
Whate'er befell;
And as we all depart,
Sad grows each classmate's heart,
Sad tear-drops softly start;
Friends all — farewell!

'92.

Words by Walter U. Hart, '92.

Air, "Breakfast." Page 25.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats amid ethereal blue,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
It was the class of '92.
Stretched on the grass beneath the trees,
All after lunch they took their ease,
Full twenty saw I at a glance,
Their hands in pockets of their pants.

'96.

Words by H. H. Adams, '96.

Air, "Swanee River." Page 74.

Way down within the realms of Hades,
Here on the Styx,
In a modest little club-house dwelling,
Live the shades of '96.
Oft with fond remembrance, dreaming
Of our college days,
Back to Haverford our hearts are turning,
To her we lift our song of praise. CHORUS.

One class there was at our old college,
One that we love;
High as any other ever rises
'96 will rise above.
Naught for love or ladies cared we,
"Gosh Dings" we abhorred;
In Platonic realms we fondly lingered,
Over Sedgewick's ethics pored. CHORUS.

CHORUS. All our lives were bright and happy,
Naught did we repent;
Not because we were the "Hot tee-willies,"
But to Haverford as boys were sent.

'97.

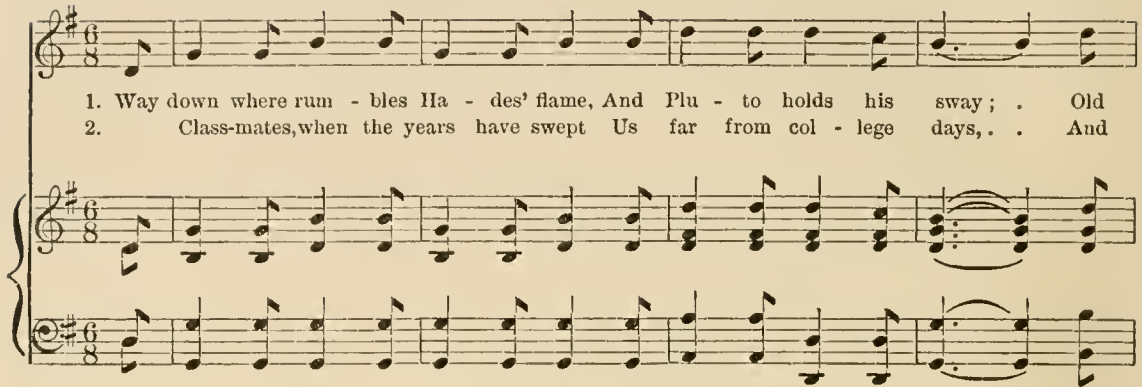
(Substitute for last four lines on Page 3.)

Let us gather on the campus,
And we'll raise the shout to Heaven,
Here's a song to Alma Mater,
Three cheers for Ninety-Seven!

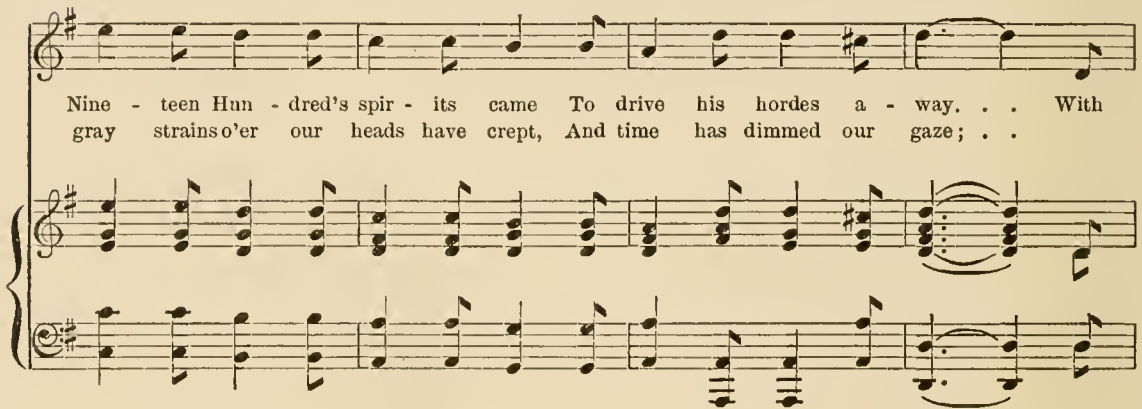
1900.

Words by Grayson M. Pevost Murphy, '00.

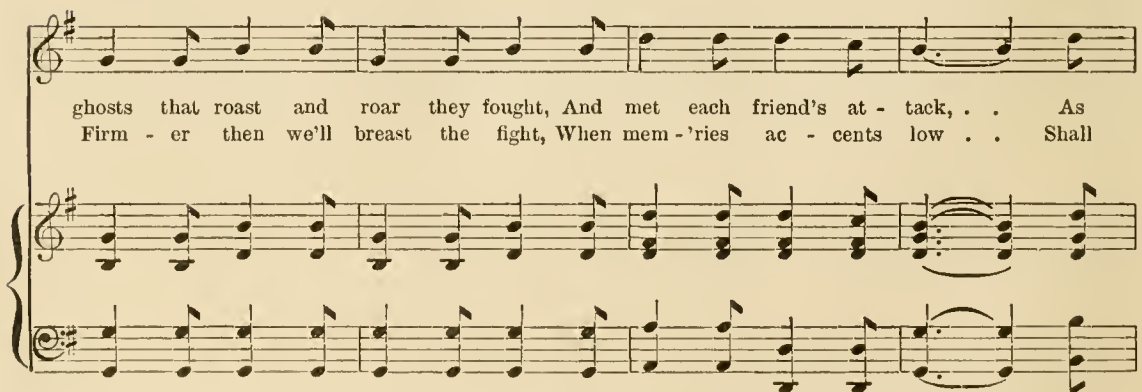
Music by Harry H. Stuart, '00.



1. Way down where rum - bles Ha - des' flame, And Plu - to holds his sway; . Old
2. Class-mates, when the years have swept Us far from col - lege days, . . And



Nine - teen Hun - dred's spir - its came To drive his hordes a - way. . . With
gray strains o'er our heads have crept, And time has dimmed our gaze; . .



ghosts that roast and roar they fought, And met each friend's at - tack, . . As
Firm - er then we'll breast the fight, When mem - 'ries ac - cents low . . Shall

1900.

CHORUS.

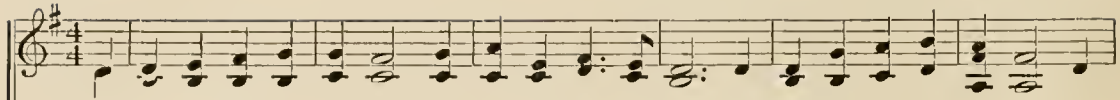
all of us do whose hearts are true To the Scar - let and the Black. We'll
call as of old, in tones of gold, To the days of long a - go

stand to - geth - er for Nine - teen Hun - dred, Bound by ties that shall ne'er be

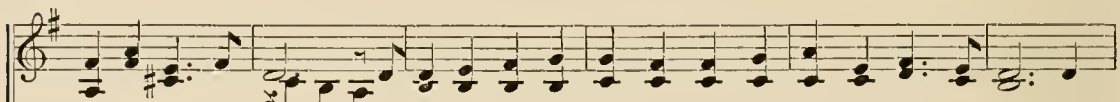
sun - dered, And all thro' life we'll loy - al be To Hav - er - ford, Nine - teen Hun - dred.

1902.

Words and music by C. Linn Seiler, '02.




1. Come lis - ten while we tell you Our lit - tle tale of woe ; There came to Hav - 'rford Col - lege, In
2. We do not boast our num - bers, Nor of our lau - rels won ; We have had man - y fail - ures Since




days of long a - go, A mighty brave and mer - ry class, Who numbered not a few ; And
this life we've be - gun. But when we leave these Col - lege walls, Let all of us be true To

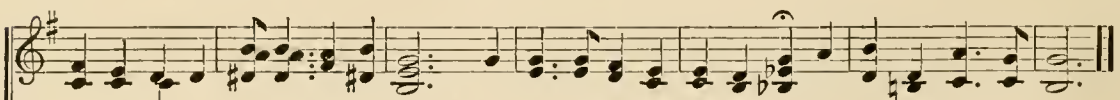
CHORUS.



who a - mid the trials of life Stood firm for Naughty-Two. For in - deed our class is a good old class, We
mem - o - ries of Hav - er - ford, And dear old Naughty-Two.



love thee, Naughty-Two ; Tho' seasons come and seasons pass, We'll still to thee be true. When mem - o - ries in



af - ter years To col - lege bring us back, We'll ne'er for - get our dear old class, In Scar - let and in Black.

1903.

Words by D. B. Miller, '03.

Arranged by J. H. R.

Tempo di Marcia.

mf

f

1. Come, lads, and join with us in song, Prais - es to
 2. Hail to the class of "Naugh - ty - three," Might - y in
 3. Glo - - ry to col - lege life so dear, Love to its

Hav - er - ford so strong; Glad - ly our cheer - ful song we raise To
 power and u - ni - ty; Loy - al, we pledge our heart and sword,
 com - fort, joy, and cheer; Cour - age with heart and one ac - cord,

Hav - er - ford, dear Hav - er - ford, Thro' end - - less days.
 Rea - dy to fight, rea - dy to die For Hav - - er - ford.
 Rea - dy to dare, rea - dy to die For Hav - - er - ford.

1904.

Words and music by E. P. West, '04.

Tempo di Marcia.

ff

mf

1. Now come, let us sing a song, boys, To the good . . . old
 2. Tho' years come and pass a - way, lads, We shall all . . . be

mf

class we love so well; To her, . . . our sor-rows and our joys,
 scat-tered thro' the land; But we . . . shall ne'er for-get the day,

With one . . . ac-cord we glad-ly tell; Faith-ful
 lads, Gath-ered first our lit-tle band; Friends may

to her we shall al - ways be, 'Till the hap - py
fail and hopes may slum - - ber, And pleas - ures

days of life are o'er; Now . . and ev - er - more, we give
fade for ev - er - more, Still . . we al - ways shall re - mem - -

CHORUS.

thee Our love, old Nine - teen - Four. Let us sing a song, my
ber Our dear old Nine - teen - Four.

lads, Un - to our class with one ac - cord;

Let us sing the cho - rus, lads, Un-to our dear.. old Hav - er -

ford; We shall al - ways class - mates be, When our

col - lege days are o'er, Heart and hand we shall give to

thee, Our dear old.. Nine - teen - Four.

1905.

Tempo di Valse.
mf Solo.

Words and music by S. G. Spaeth, '05.

1. Gath - er round while we sing of old Nine - teen - Five, . . .
2. Tell the deeds that were done by old Nine - teen - Five, . . .

Come raise your voi - ces to her, may she ev - er thrive. . . .
On field, on track and in class-room we'd al - ways strive; . . .

Paths may di - vide day by day, Time's sands may all pass a - way, But we'll
Man - y the vic - to - ries won, Man - y the deeds that we've done, Thro' our

nev - er cease in our love for old Nine - teen - Five. . . .
love, our faith and our trust in old Nine - teen - Five. . . .

We may be few, but we'll al-ways be true to old Nine - teen - Five. . . .

col. 8

